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SAPPING THE LAND BASTILLE

MR. SILKIN might well be portrayed by cartoonists as a sportsman firing a left and right at the tangle of conflicting authorities and vested interests which has so far stood in the way of the effective planning of land usage. The new Town and Country Planning Bill is a double-barrelled weapon—the second barrel being fired automatically after the first. It starts with an attempt to codify, enlarge and strengthen the interim planning measures which began with the Act of 1932. It ends by facing the fact, recognised by the Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports, that no administrative measures can ensure the best use being made of land in the public interest unless there is unified ownership by the State of some part at least of the property rights in land itself.

The Bill, with its 108 Clauses and nine Schedules, is so complicated that we must reserve many of its details for examination in a later issue. Our first impression is that, as a planning measure, it is a great and welcome advance on previous legislation. The number of planning authorities is greatly reduced, and the initiative is now placed in the hands of county and county borough councils, supplemented by joint planning bodies. Planning will no longer be permissive or confined to unduly narrow local areas. Every planning authority will be under an obligation within three years to prepare a plan. The powers previously accorded to planning authorities in respect to blitzed areas are now widened to include all areas of bad layout or obsolete development; and land may be compulsorily acquired for leasing to private developers for approved purposes or for development by local authorities themselves. For these purposes ample financial assistance, in the form partly of loans and partly of grants to meet "net cost," will be provided by the Treasury.

It may thus be said that the Bill goes a long way towards achieving positive planning. So far as the location of industry is concerned, it strengthens the hand, not of the Planning Minister but of the Board of Trade, whose certificate will be required before any project for industrial development in a particular area is approved. Mr. Silkin's Ministry, however, is invested with ample powers to ensure that planning in future is constructive, and not merely a negative prohibition of anti-social development. In addition, minor points which are to be welcomed in the Bill are the powers given to the Ministry to safeguard amenities by controlling all outdoor advertising, and by the re-enactment of existing powers to preserve woodlands and buildings of special architectural or historic interest.

It is when the Bill comes to the issue how to reconcile public interest with private rights in land that it will arouse most controversy, and seems likely, as we see it, to fail to satisfy either Socialists or landlords. The Uthwatt Report enunciated two conflicting principles: (a) that ownership of land does not carry with it an unqualified right of user, and that restrictions "based on the duties of neighbourliness" might be imposed without compensation to the landlord; (b) that "the point may be reached when restrictions imposed extend beyond the obligations of neighbourliness," or, in other words, that in certain circumstances the landlord must be bought out if he is to be deprived of the right to use his land as he pleases. This conflict the Bill proposes to resolve by expropriating all increases in land values accruing from future development. As a global compensation to landowners, the sum of £300 million is to be provided for the satisfaction (under a scheme to be subsequently worked out and submitted to Parliament) of all claims by landlords who consider that their land had potential development value in 1947. How this sum has been arrived at, and what relation it bears to the £400 million which the Barlow Commission guessed to be the value of 1937 development rights in *undeveloped* land is, so far, Mr. Silkin's secret.

The development rights thus expropriated in the case both of undeveloped land and developed (urban) land requiring redevelopment will be vested in a Central Land Board. When a project for development or redevelopment is submitted and approved, the Land Board will levy from the developer a charge which will represent—at the Board's discretion—the whole or a part of the difference between the "existing use" value of the land and its future value after the new development or redevelopment. All compulsory acquisitions of land by local authorities for approved developments will be made at "existing use" value. On the other hand, there is a radical departure in the Bill from the view taken by the Uthwatt Report that the State should be entitled to levy a toll on *all* increments of site values. Unless there is a change in the use of the land —*e.g.* the conversion of houses into a factory or a cinema—increased values and increased rentals will continue to accrue to the existing owner.

In short, the Bill, in so far as its compensation and betterment provisions are concerned, is an attempt to graft on to a capitalist society a system of land control which vindicates the overriding public interest without denying totally the rights of the landlord or discouraging the *entrepreneur*. Whether the flexible powers given to the Land Board to stimulate private enterprise, if necessary, by reducing the development charge to be levied, will expose the Board to intolerable political and other pressure from this and that quarter, remains to be seen. It is difficult, also, to foresee how far proper redevelopment may not still be obstructed under the Bill by inordinately high "existing use" values.

The land-owning interests may be relied on to assail the measure vigorously on the ground that the change which it effects in the rights of land tenure is confiscatory and revolutionary; and they are unlikely to be appeased by what is, in fact, a bribe of £300 million for "hardship"—no small sum in view of the fact that it is estimated that 85 per cent of the land in the country has no development value. We doubt, indeed, whether there would have been greater political obstacles to the passage of a Bill nationalising the land; and there is no question but that total unification of ownership would not merely have got rid of all the host of valuation problems which the present compromise Bill involves, but would have laid a much more effective basis for real national planning of the use of land. As it is, the principle is

affirmed that the people have the right to decide the use of land—*at a price*: obstructive vested interests are to this extent swept away. This is something to be going on with. If the Bastille of landlordism is not yet stormed, it is at least sapped.

No Socialism for Germany?

A curtain of silence has descended on the activities of Mr. John Hynd during his recent visit to Germany. Did he, during his significantly short stay, take effective steps to probe the charges, made by this and other journals, that corrupt practices are prevalent in the British Zone? The public has not been so informed; nor has it been told that Mr. Hynd set in motion, as promised, the interim measure which had been devised as a first stage in the nationalisation of the heavy industries—coal, steel, engineering and chemicals—in the Ruhr. Last Sunday the *Observer* published a report that the plan to appoint custodians for these industries, as a first step towards nationalisation, had actually been shelved. This report has been contradicted by the British Control Commission in London, which states that the delay in carrying out the plan "does not infer that there has been a change of policy" or that the methods for carrying out the plan are to be modified. This *dément*i will scarcely dispel the impression that a hitch has arisen. It is an open secret that the British element in the Control Commission in Berlin has been scarcely less enthusiastically in favour of Socialism in the Ruhr than it has been in the case of land reform in the Zone. Only grudgingly was the argument that Germany's war potential must be removed from its present ownership accepted on security grounds; and it would be natural to suppose that the fusion of the British and American Zones was adduced in Berlin as a reason for postponing any action antipathetic to the Americans. Apart from this factor, however, Mr. Hynd may well have found it hard to overcome two complications which have arisen in connection with the nationalisation plan. In the first place, a De-cartelisation Law, agreed to by General Robertson and General Clay, without reference to the other Occupying Powers, comes into effect in the Anglo-American Zone on January 15. This law, which represents a wide departure from the Russian and French proposals originally made in the Control Council, provides that banned enterprises of over a certain size must lodge, for the approval of the Zonal command, plans for disposing of their plants or part of their plants or their subsidiary companies. On the face of it, this enactment, whose effect seems likely to be the purchase by British and American firms of parts of the broken-up cartels, appears to be incompatible with the nationalisation of heavy industry in the British Zone. In the second place, if the British were to appoint custodians for these industries, for what authority would the custodians be acting as trustees—a future central German Government or the Government of the North-Rhine-Westphalia *Land*? This would have to be stated in the decree; but the Americans are known to have been exercising heavy pressure against the reservation of any powers for a future central government. In this dilemma, it would appear, the British Government have put the plan for socialisation in the British Zone into cold storage until the Peace Conference has decided whether there is to be a unitary Germany or not.

Mr. Byrnes and General Marshall

The resignation of Mr. Byrnes is a heavy blow to the American administration. Mr. Byrnes had risen to his responsibilities far better than even his friends expected, and proved that, after all, despite the example of Lord Simon, a lawyer can succeed in foreign affairs. He resigns at the height of his popularity after being accorded this week the peculiarly American honour of being chosen "Man of the Year" by *Time Magazine*. In selecting General Marshall to succeed him, Mr. Truman has obviously sought to retain bipartisan confidence in his present foreign policy. General Marshall is without doubt the most respected figure in American public life, and in the public eye he has always stood above party. As his report on his Chinese mission shows, he has the rare impartiality of recognising frankly his anti-Communist bias and trying to counterbalance it by cool reason. In fact, he is a statesman, and no better man could have been found. As Secretary of State he is also heir-apparent to the Presidency should Mr. Truman die or resign before 1948. If Mr. Truman should decide not to run again, Marshall would be an obvious choice for the Democratic Party. His appointment may, however, have one danger. The influence of the Chiefs of Staff on American foreign policy was already very powerful during the war. Now, with General Marshall in the State Department, General MacArthur in Japan, and General Bedell Smith in Moscow—all working in the closest co-operation with General Eisenhower in the Pentagon—it will be difficult to avoid a subordination of policy to strategy in a period when the development, if war is to be avoided, should be in the opposite direction.

Middle East and Oil

While no one can deny the considerable short-term advantages of the Anglo-American oil agreement, it is to be hoped that the House of Commons, when it reassembles, will submit it to careful scrutiny. It looks as though distribution and the profits of distribution in the Western Hemisphere are to be surrendered to private American interests in return for the investment of American capital in the construction of the new pipe-line and of refineries both in the Middle East and in this country. We get dollars for the crude oil, and after that the American oil companies take over. Does this mean that the present price agreement is maintained by which the peoples of the Middle East are compelled to pay as much for their own oil as though it had been transported from the Caribbean? Have we by this agreement tacitly accepted that all future development should be concentrated in the Persian and Saudi-Arabian oilfields under British and American control, thereby starving of capital investment the Kirkuk area in which our French and Dutch neighbours have an interest? It is well known that the oil lobby prevented ratification by the Senate of the Ickes-Beaverbrook agreement because it objects to any form of world control. Does this agreement between the Government-controlled Anglo-Iranian and the American oil companies mean that the Cabinet has on this vital principle surrendered to the lobby? Finally—a question more fully discussed on another page—what effect will this deal have on our relations with the Arab world and the U.S.S.R.? We fully appreciate that beggars cannot be choosers. But in this case it looks as though, for the sake of easily earned dollars, we have sacrificed long-term economic interests and assumed military commitments which are beyond our capacity.

Conciliation and Scepticism

By two conciliatory gestures Congress has tried to induce the Muslim League to end its boycott of the Indian Constituent Assembly. First, it postponed consideration by the Assembly of the basic resolution calling for the creation of an independent Republic. Secondly, at a special session of its National Committee, it has, by 99 votes to 52, passed a resolution in which it accepts the British Government's interpretation of the procedure which will govern the provincial groups when the Assembly breaks up into its three sections. The two protesting provinces, the N.W. Frontier and Assam, will therefore have to attend the "Pakistan" groups, B and C, against their will and submit to the small but sufficient League majority which each will contain. Their only safeguard lies in the right to withdraw from its Group which a province may exercise after the first election under the new constitution. This safeguard may conceivably induce the League majority to conciliate these two provinces in the hope of persuading them to remain voluntarily within the Pakistan groups. But with his customary tough tactics Mr. Jinnah may prefer to achieve his ends by imposing on these two provinces a gerrymandered electoral system. Doubtless with this risk in view, Congress included in its resolution a qualifying clause to the effect that there must be no compulsion of a province, and that the rights of the Sikhs must not be jeopardised. This is a grave reservation, since the Cabinet Mission's plan gave the Sikhs (who are quite capable of resisting coercion by arms) no right to withdraw from Group B. These qualifications failed, however, to reconcile the Left Wing of Congress to the resolution. It scored an unusually heavy vote against it, backed by numerous abstentions, and its two chief leaders, Jai Prakash Narain, of the Socialist Group, and Sarat Chandra Bose, who heads the party in Bengal, have both underlined their opposition by resigning from the Working Committee. Faith in the sincerity of the British Government is again near zero in the ranks of the Congress party, and even the President, Mr. Kripalani, declared that British intentions were "not honest," and suspected a "trick" in the plan for the grouping of provinces. It remains to be seen whether these concessions, made with a divided mind by an unhappy party, will induce Mr. Jinnah to enter the Constituent Assembly. Even if he should do so, it does not follow that he will work for its success. He may wish to delay any settlement in the hope of Mr. Churchill's return to power.

Inside Greece

The report of the all-party Parliamentary delegation which visited Greece last August was published this week. It largely confirms the criticisms of the Monarchist regime which were made at the time by this and other journals. It states that armed Right-wing bands were operating "with the utmost audacity"; that over a thousand persons had already been deported to the penal islands; and that the Royalist Government had taken drastic suppressive measures against the trade union movement. The delegation also urged, somewhat platitudinously, an early withdrawal of British units stationed in Greece, "subject to considerations of strategy and high policy." Many Greek political leaders, the report insists, had become so accustomed to looking to Britain for all kinds of support that they were taking no trouble to put their own house in order. Finally, the delegation suggests that some substitute for Unrra supplies must be found, or "great masses of people will starve to death." The report, as a whole, paints an unpleasant picture, yet, in the last six months, conditions have grown much worse. The guerrilla activity, which the delegation described as a miniature civil war, has extended considerably, and is now far better organised. While the mission from the Security Council of Uno, which is due to arrive on January 15th, will be seeking evidence of foreign assistance to the guerrillas—and there are signs that the Yugoslavs and Bulgars are beginning to tighten their frontier controls—it will naturally take into account the character of the present regime against which the guerrillas are working. With this in mind, fresh efforts are being made to broaden or reconstruct the Tsaldaris Cabinet. Sophoulis, who is trying to weld the Liberal groups and other Centre elements together, still insists on a policy of moderation, including a limited amnesty, but he has not pressed his earlier claim for fresh elections in the immediate future. If he cannot rally sufficient support to offer an alternative to the existing Royalist Government, it is probable that this will be replaced by a similar Cabinet, over which Tsaldaris would no longer preside, including more respectable politicians like Papandreou and Canellopoulos. None of these changes, however, would bring in the still-

powerful E.A.M. coalition, and the deadlock between Right and Left, which could only be broken by a genuine attempt at reconciliation—including new elections—is likely to remain.

The Burmese Delegation

The political life of Asia no longer moves at a leisurely tempo. The Western Powers, after a century or more of imperialist rule, now face politically minded people who, in many cases, helped to win the war against Japan, and now demand their independence. Nothing can stem the tide of their conscious maturity; the real problem is whether we, the French and the Dutch are willing to move peacefully in the same stream of history.

This week the British Government is receiving the delegation from Burma. At the head is General Aung San, who now has an opportunity of showing whether his dynamic leadership on the battlefield and platform is coupled with skill in negotiation round the Conference table. Both sides have made mistakes since the liberation of Burma. The Government was unwise to send back from India a group of men who, in Burmese eyes, were associated with the wrongs of the past, and whose actions confirmed Burmese suspicions that they desire only a return to the *status quo ante*. The Burmans themselves, enthusiastically conscious of the part they had played in the liberation of their country, and determined never again to be put off by the vague promises of White Papers, adopted an "all-or-none" attitude towards the offer of seats on the Legislative Council. The result was that on the economic as well as on the political field, places were filled by the "old hands," and the system of Project Boards, on which the economic reconstruction of Burma depended, has been operated mainly by men who were previously agents of British firms. The White Paper, issued in 1945, was regarded with suspicion, especially as the promise of independence was hedged round with qualifications and still mentioned no date.

A serious crisis last autumn was averted by the arrival of a new Governor who had previously worked in the Burmese Civil Administration, and who was sympathetic with the demands of Aung San and the Anti-Fascist Peoples' Freedom League, of which he is President. General Rance, unlike his predecessor, was able to secure the co-operation of the League, which, however, split in the process and expelled the Communist wing. Elections were fixed for April next, and financial power was transferred to the Burmese member of the Executive Council. But the Burmans, believing that the Government was still trying to find some way of by-passing their fifteen-year-old claim for independence, demanded a definite date. They proposed that on January 31, 1947, the Government should guarantee to give Burma freedom within a year, that the elections should be held without foreign interference, and that, by the same date, the Governor's Executive Council should be set up as a National Government. These demands undoubtedly had widespread support, and failure to consider their merits might have led to a boycott of the elections and the breakdown of relations between Burma and this country. Mr. Attlee's conciliatory speech on December 20 and his sincere invitation to the Burmese leaders to visit this country for the purpose of discussing ways and means of hastening Burma's independence was well received in Burma.

The delegation, expected in London this week, includes some of the ablest of Burmese statesmen. It will be warmly welcome, and it will meet many friends here who have the highest respect and affection for the Burmans, and who fully accept the case for Burmese independence. If the Burmans can believe this and overcome suspicions often, unhappily, justified in the past, they will find the Government willing to meet their demands and to rebuild Burmese-British relations on a new foundation of friendship.

FROM THE ANGLE OF STRATEGY

In his new task as Minister of Defence, Mr. Alexander is faced by an immediate problem of extreme complexity. He has to balance three conflicting claims, knowing in advance that he can satisfy none of them. In the first place, he must seek to ensure that sufficient armed forces are available to cover all the military commitments which the Foreign Secretary's policy involves. But in so doing he must not overlook the requirements of Mr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps. In the last resort, military strength is a derivative of economic strength, and a Defence Minister who overrides the warnings of the President of the Board of Trade and the Chancellor of the Exchequer is doing no service to the Foreign Secretary or even to the Chiefs of Staff. The maintenance of armed forces which we cannot afford is a source not of strength but of weakness.

In the short run there is yet a third factor which Mr. Alexander must weigh in the balance—the morale of the soldier retained in the Forces when his demob. date is already overdue. If he finds that, in order to cover existing commitments, he must retard demobilisation to an extent which endangers discipline, it is his duty to point out the danger.

Though exact figures are not available, it is an open secret that our military commitments today are so great as to endanger both economic recovery and Service morale. The percentage of the British budget devoted to the three Services is slightly less than in the U.S.A. and slightly more than in the U.S.S.R. A large part of the financial burden is due to the crippling cost of maintaining armies overseas. A far greater proportion of the British Army is thus maintained than of either the Russian or the American. Moreover, with some 1,300,000 men in the Forces and at least another 600,000 on armament production, we are faced by an acute man-power shortage, not only in the export drive but in the equally essential task of the capital re-equipment of our basic industries. Simultaneously, the legitimate grievances of men who are still retained in the Services after three, four and even five years' service, are having a serious effect on the fighting efficiency of the units overseas.

Reviewing foreign policy from a purely *strategic* aspect, we can conveniently divide the world into three areas, the Far East, the Middle East and the West. In the Far East little or nothing can be done to reduce still further our liabilities. The Government has wisely undertaken a policy of withdrawal which is designed to reduce our military responsibilities in Malaya, Burma and India as soon as possible. As a result of this policy, for instance, our troops in India and Burma are already insufficient to restore the British Raj, though they are fully capable, if the worst came to the worst, of covering a British evacuation. Nothing which Mr. Bevin can now do would permit of further economy—except the decision to evacuate.

Nor is it likely that any reductions in the West can be effected. In these islands we must maintain adequate static home defences and the nucleus of at least a mobile force. Until an international police force takes the place of national defences, we must continue to garrison Gibraltar and Malta and, probably, not merely West Africa, but the Sudan and Kenya. What of Germany and Austria? Financially and in terms of idle man-power, the occupation of ex-enemy territory is extremely costly, and it is doubtful whether any useful purpose is served in maintaining forces here too small for effective use in a major war, and prevented by burdensome garrison duties from carrying out effective training. Here certainly it should be considered whether the maintenance of token forces would not be preferable to the present unsatisfactory half-way house. It is argued that if we want to negotiate an Austrian Peace Treaty which is to our taste, we must maintain sufficient troops in Austria to impress the Russians. But is this argument really sound? We doubt it.

But even if our forces in Germany and Austria were substantially reduced, the problem would not be solved, since part at least of the reduction would consist merely of transferring to the British Isles units now serving in the armies of occupation. We should save dollars but not very much man-power. In order to transfer a considerable number of men from military to civilian duties, reductions must be made in the third and most debatable area, the Middle East. This area includes not only the Arab countries and Palestine, but Greece and Cyprus; and on the policy which we adopt towards them depends the size and nature of our forces in the Sudan and Kenya.

It is not yet fully realised that our Middle Eastern policy has already involved us in military commitments of serious dimensions and of indefinite duration. Under the present arrangements between the British and American Chiefs of Staff, the defence of the whole Pacific area, including Australia and New Zealand, has become primarily an American responsibility. In exchange, we have taken on the job of garrisoning the Middle East in peacetime and carrying out its defence in the first phase of any major war. The Chiefs of Staff are thereby required to respond immediately to any call for assistance by Persia, Turkey or Greece. True, once a major war had started, we could almost certainly rely on American assistance. But, in peacetime, the prime responsibility for protecting both British and American interests in this area falls exclusively on us. Whereas, therefore, some reduction in the size of our occupation armies in Europe and of our forces east of Suez may be possible in the next five years, Mr. Alexander must, as at present advised, reckon on a permanent and expanding commitment in the Levant, the Middle East and East Africa.

It should be observed that neither in the first nor in the second World War were the Russians our enemies; we were not compelled to think of the Middle East in terms of a Russian attack. For the German Chiefs of Staff it was always a secondary and remote theatre of war, an area, not vital to the defence of Germany, in which serious damage could be done to the enemy at a very small cost in German troops and equipment. To protect it against possible Russian attack is, therefore, to take on a far greater task than we have ever faced before. In the second place, the political situation is in the highest degree unfavourable for the development of British bases. The very fact that we are, in conformity with our solemn pledges, granting real independence to our Far East possessions undermines the moral basis for the reassertion of our military strength in this vast and troubled area. The Arab world would welcome our engineers, our doctors and our teachers—not to mention our money. It resents the presence of our troops, even when they are engaged in fighting our only loyal allies in the area, the Palestinian Jews. Our relations with the Arab Governments will be rendered vastly more difficult by the activities of American oil interests, which are apparently to work under our protection under the new Oil Agreement. As for the Russians, the more obvious our strategic preparations and the closer our economic co-operation with America, the more actively will they take advantage of geography and social conditions to stir up social unrest, which will increase our military liabilities still further. Finally, if we ever were involved in a war with Russia, a glance at the map will show that within a few weeks our oil supplies would be put out of action.

The history of our relations with Greece and Egypt since the war illustrates only too clearly the difficulties which our present foreign policy has imposed upon the Chiefs of Staff. Greece is a vital interest to this country just so long as we feel ourselves vitally concerned in the Russian-Turkish dispute over the Dardanelles. Our troops

are not in Greece to restore democracy, but to reduce the risk of a Yugoslav or Balkan invasion and the consequent absorption of Greece and Turkey in the Russian bloc.

It follows from this that we should only keep our troops in Greece if we are prepared to be involved in a Balkan war. The U.S.A. has refused us any specific guarantee in the case of a Balkan war in which Russia is not overtly involved. If it breaks out, we should find ourselves the only ally of M. Tsaldaris. From the Chiefs of Staff point of view it is no use arguing that the troops are there to prevent, and not to participate in, a war. Armies only prevent wars in so far as they are prepared to fight them, and Mr. Alexander and his military advisers must work on the assumption that, as long as our troops are in Greece, a Balkan war is possible in which we, but not Russia or America, are involved. That we have assumed this liability at a period when we are desperately short of manpower is a legitimate criticism of Mr. Bevin just as it is an unceasing source of alarm to the Chiefs of Staff.

But those who advocate the withdrawal of our troops from Greece must also accept the logic of the facts. We can only withdraw from Greece if we are prepared to reshape the whole of our Middle Eastern policy, to give up the idea of guaranteeing Turkey against aggression, and of maintaining bases East of Malta. That is equally the lesson of the Egyptian treaty negotiations. If we had begun those negotiations in the spirit which we adopted towards the Burmese and the Indians, we could have signed a treaty within a few weeks. East of Suez we have decided to leave defence in the hands of independent nations and to give them military assistance only if they demand this of us. In the Middle East, despite the unanimous will of the peoples concerned, including the Jews, we have felt it necessary to keep the strategic key areas—Palestine, Cyprus, Greece, possibly Cyrenaica—in our own hands, and to retain the Sudan and Kenya as the remote bases for a defence system designed to protect British and American oil interests in Persia, Iraq and Saudi Arabia. Here, certainly, it is all or nothing. We must either accept, under the terms of an Anglo-American entente, the primary responsibility for defending the whole area from Greece to Kenya, or we must consider other means of safeguarding our vital interests.

Two solutions are possible. On the one hand, we could state frankly to the Americans that we are unable alone to accept the military responsibility for the protection of Anglo-American interests in this part of the world. From the strictly military point of view, an American decision to share responsibility for the defence of Middle Eastern oil would be a satisfactory way out of the difficulty. But it is highly doubtful whether any American administration would dare to accept these new commitments in addition to those which have already been undertaken in the Pacific. The Americans favour an Entente with Britain precisely because it relieves them of the defence of certain parts of the world. Without this advantage it is valueless to them.

The only other solution open to us is to offer the Arab world as genuine an independence as we are offering to the Indians and the Burmese. In that case no necessity would arise for garrisons in Cyprus, Greece or Cyrenaica, or for building up vast new bases in the Sudan and Kenya.

To discuss the rival merits of these policies would be to raise the problem from the level of defence to that of foreign policy. But it can be remarked that, in our relations with the peoples of the Levant and Middle East, British garrisons are not a guarantee of peace but an incitement to violence. The protection of our oil interests does not demand the presence of troops any more than does the protection of our Argentinian beef supplies. It is solely in view of potential Russian aggression that this vast military commitment has been undertaken; and, as we have seen, it is open to question whether Russian aggression in the event of war can be effectively countered by any garrison, however large.

The conclusion seems inescapable. There must be drastic cuts in the size of our armed forces. The gap between Mr. Alexander's supply and Mr. Bevin's demand is dangerously large. It can only be narrowed by a foreign policy which reduces our commitments West as well as East of Suez.

THE STATE OF THE UNION

THE Presidential race has opened in earnest. From the moment the new Republican Congress met, until November, 1948, this contest will dominate the minds of the politicians in Washington and the governors of the forty-eight States. It was certainly in the forefront of Mr. Truman's mind when he delivered his message on the State of the Union.

Mr. Truman has cast himself for a modest role, which he seems for once to be playing quite well. He envisages himself as standing above the partisan battle, his sole interest the public welfare, which he will seek to ensure by studiously moderate proposals. A Republican Congress will, of course, then strip them of their moderation, and the strictly conservative Bills which result will be accepted by the President with a few deprecatory cluckings. In extreme cases the Bills can be vetoed and then passed over the President's veto. This pattern is known as "co-operation between a Democratic President and a Republican Congress."

The central issue of the electoral campaign is the relations of labour and management. This formed the core of the President's address. In order to have any chance of re-election to office in 1948, Mr. Truman must bring on to his side a large body of opinion which has been irritated by the strikes, without driving organised labour away from the polls at the same time. He knows that he can take rather more chances with the labour vote because it can hardly be cast with enthusiasm for Taft or Dewey.

The proposals put forward by Mr. Truman were, therefore, a little to the Right of Centre. Labour was told that "the proper rights of the rank and file" and the right to strike were to be protected. The President even made a *pro forma* appeal for more social security legislation and a tightening of the anti-trust laws. Management received a light tap across the knuckles for its "share in the responsibility" for past industrial strife. But the right to strike is to be circumscribed; there must be no right to strike "in vital industries affecting the public interest." That means, of course, that Lewis's coal strikes are to be made illegal, but since all strikes affect the national interest to some degree, it may be interpreted as a virtual denial of the right to strike. The use of "economic force" by labour or management to settle disputes over contracts must also be "outlawed." But a strike is neither more nor less an instrument of economic force than the right to hire and fire. No one supposes that both of these powers will be equally curtailed. The real question in the face of all these generalities is who is going to write the laws which implement them. The answer given by the speech is "a Congressional Commission." That means Senator Taft.

By choosing for himself the chairmanship of the Senate Labour Committee, Taft has boldly accepted the thorniest assignment his party has to offer. Probably the cleverest man in American politics to-day, Taft knows that if he can succeed in making a political success of the labour legislation, he will have a greater asset in the race for the Presidency than Governor Dewey's success in running the State of New York. His policy, though further to the Right than that of Mr. Truman, is, by the standards of his party (or of Britain up till 1905), moderate. A frontal attack on labour would, Taft realises, result in a labour-management war. First labour must be softened up, and its teeth drawn, the Wagner Act amended, a form of the Case Bill revived (it was vetoed by Truman last session), and probably the Closed Shop outlawed. If all this is done efficiently and quietly, with protestations about "the national interest" and the "equalisation of the rights of labour and management," there is no reason why that section of the labour vote which lifted the Republicans to victory in 1946 should not elevate Taft to the Presidency two years later. At the same time there will be no reason for the anti-labour rank-and-file of the Republican Party (drawn from business and the farms) to oppose Taft as too easy-going with labour.

All of this is good politics played by experts. But while the rulers of the country are indulging in this fascinating ritual fire-dance there is a real fire burning, and they are doing very little to put it out. Mr. Truman's moderate *pas seul* is elegant; Mr. Taft's Rightist *fandango* is even more inspiring, but neither side seems to see that the economic situation, about which labour is protesting, demands real action, not posturing.

The ordinary trade-unionist in America may not be able to give an exact diagnosis of his economic disorder, but he does know that the frequent strikes and threats of strikes are not just the result of greed or laziness. To say that "there is nothing wrong with this country that hard work won't cure," to quote the report of the Congressional Committee on post-war economic problems, is as ridiculous a form of faith-healing as telling a man with a broken ankle to go and walk it off.

The economic case for labour's wage demands has been exhaustively restated in Robert Nathan's report to the C.I.O. Press reports from America have tended to dismiss this important document as an attempt by labour to raid the treasury of management, armed with nothing but some vague theories about labour's right to share in profits. In fact, the report is a careful analysis of the dangers to the whole American economic system caused by the failure to keep wages in step with production.

The leaders of the C.I.O. have made it clear that they wish above all to avoid strikes. They are afraid that these will bring down on them the wrath of Congress backed by public opinion. They also know, from the bitter experience of 1946, that a six or seven weeks' strike impairs the purchasing power of the strikers for a year or more. But they are not willing to see wages fall sharply in relation to corporate rights—as they have since the end of the war—because they know that this is the royal road to a slump.

The sudden fall in sales at what should have been the height of the Christmas buying spree was a disturbing confirmation of their diagnosis. In part it was due to over-production of luxuries; the worker looking for a good new suit found only a pig-skin suitcase with his initials in gold leaf. It was also due to the exhaustion of the reserves of purchasing power which resulted from war savings. From now on the purchasing power of the mass of the American people will be limited by their wages. If wages do not rise or prices decline generally, American purchasing power will fall below the level necessary to absorb the national product.

Our right to criticise thus frankly the inadequacy of the labour proposals put forward by either side is upheld by Mr. Truman's statement "what we do or fail to do at home affects not only ourselves but millions throughout the world." What those of us outside America have to fear is that even a small recession in America, from which her vigorous economy may easily recover, may prove disastrous to a convalescent world economy. What we have to hope is that the American Left will recover from its defeat and awake public opinion to the dangers of a slump and to the means to avert it. This thin hope is further weakened by the news of yet more divisions within the liberal fold. While Henry Wallace is now supported by a Political Action Committee which attempts on a Federal basis to

unite independent progressives and the political wing of the C.I.O., a group led by Mrs. Roosevelt and Reinhold Niebuhr has formed a rival committee which is openly against any association with "un-American" Communists. If American liberals have learnt nothing else from the atomic age, they seem to have learnt the art of fission.

A LONDON DIARY

A WEEK, perforce spent in my room, has given me an opportunity I've never had before, to listen to the wireless. I have a complaint before I come to the praise. There is far too much religion—not honest discussion of religion, the most absorbing of topics, but an unfair and often quite ludicrous repetition of antique dogma. But one can usually turn off the sermonising and hear excellent stuff. The best thing I've heard on the Home Service was a talk on the pantomime by Frank Birch, whom I once saw act magnificently as the Widow Twanky, when he was a Don and I an undergraduate. I never heard a talk that included so much learning and so much not-obvious truth in a form that was popular and enjoyable. As to the Third Programme, the difficulty is not to let it occupy one's evening. The music is entirely admirable and, if too little time is given to serious discussion and argument, it is hard to criticise on this score when you've just listened to Bertrand Russell on democracy and science and to such a masterpiece of radio art as *In Parenthesis*. I have a suggestion. As I was myself brought up on the classics, I have no quarrel with the emphasis on the great Greek tragedies and still less with Louis MacNiece's beautiful programme of Aristophanes. But I have a hunch that my education was badly neglected, and the Third Programme, perhaps because arranged by people who were similarly stunted, is missing a real opportunity. Ought not the audience which listens to talks on English and French literature, to the dramas of Euripides and the music of Purcell also learn something of the contributions of the Far East to art and literature and music? I've heard bits of Burmese folk-music that compare favourably with our own. And what about the art and poetry of India and China, not to mention their philosophies?

* * *

I have another B.B.C. grouse which I want specially to bring to the attention of my friend, Barbara Ward, who is herself a Governor of the B.B.C. On New Year's Day she wrote an admirably phrased homily in the *News Chronicle* telling us that England was not what it was in 1940 (quite true) and calling on us all to do our bit. She made one very odd statement. She wrote "the newspapers are usually a good idea of the temper of the time, and today they make melancholy reading." A good index, my hat! Many of them are writing up, with obvious and malicious glee, every melancholy facet of the current scene with the single-minded purpose of discrediting the Government. That they also discredit the public, a large part of which is co-operating very well in a most remarkable social effort, they do not care. But Barbara Ward should not have been deceived. She might, for instance, when referring to queues, have pointed out what an admirable proof they are of the "temper of the time"; if she wants signs of public morality, what about the queues to post parcels to the hungry Continent? When writing of crime, black marketeering and the rest, why had she no praise for this public which in honesty and good temper contrasts so happily with the public in almost any country on the Continent? She is right, however, when she says that, "our statesmen have not yet found the language of leadership for peace. The Government's potentially great purpose of combining social justice with political freedom has yet to be put before the people with real inspiration." Well, can't the B.B.C. do anything to help? It's odd after hearing a friend from the Continent praising England in terms of envy and enthusiasm, to turn on that selection of the world's woes that passes as a B.B.C. News-Bulletin. Not a hint of social purpose; not a reporter sent round to find out what is encouraging in England. Isn't it the job of the B.B.C. to help in giving "the leadership for peace" just as it was its job to co-operate in winning the war?

* * *

I wonder whether any one else was as surprised as I was by *The Times* obituary of Ogden Reid, the proprietor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, which portrayed him as a great journalist and friend of this country and merely added at the end that his wife was also a journalist and in 1922 became vice-president of the *Tribune*. *De mortuis* . . . but it is no service to the cause of truth for which the *Herald Tribune* stands to suppress one of the really remarkable stories of American journalism. Ogden Reid, the son of an American Ambassador to England, was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and inherited the *Herald Tribune*. When he was 39 he married a completely unknown girl from Wisconsin who had been his mother's secretary at the Embassy in London. Mrs. Reid had no training in journalism but she soon became the dominant influence in the *Tribune*, and today she is one of the great figures in American public life. Ogden Reid, who well knew his own weaknesses, would have been the first to pay tribute to the genius of this physically frail little lady who controlled his home and his newspaper as though she had been born to greatness. Under her influence the *Herald Tribune*, despite its ultra-Conservative domestic policy, has always stood for two things: Anglo-American friendship and absolute objectivity in the reporting of international affairs. Journalists do not often have kind words for proprietors, especially if the journalists are Left-wing and the proprietors Conservative. But every member of the *Herald Tribune* foreign staff whom I have met—and many of them are ardent liberals—agree that she has been largely responsible for enabling them to do an honest job. Any one who wants to know the quality of the *Herald Tribune* should have a look at the Paris edition. In France during the war, Cabinet Ministers learnt English in order to read it and get the news. It has thousands of subscribers because it contains so much reliable news which is not to be found in any British paper. I often wonder why Mrs. Reid does not publish a London edition. It would certainly put us on our mettle if the *Tribune* could compete on equal terms.

* * *

I see that a magistrate, sentencing a man this week for stealing coal from a tip, told him that this offence was particularly serious since all coal is now the property of the King. I hope this is not a widespread attitude towards nationalisation. If it is to succeed, we have to realise the full meaning of the placard outside every colliery which announces that it is "managed by the National Coal Board on behalf of the *people*." A friend who has just been visiting the Lancashire coalfield tells me that miners there are complaining that they are asked to perform production miracles while the rest of the public is not pulling its weight in the battle for fuel. Thousands of them turned out in the bitter cold last Sunday to listen to pithead speeches from officials of the Board and of their union. They stood silent while their leaders insisted that no technical or structural changes could lift the responsibility from "chap wit' spade." But they growled their agreement every time one of the speakers condemned fuel waste or said that other people besides the miners had to give their sons to the pits. Man-power is the crux of the matter. In one pit my friend visited, men over seventy had volunteered to work every shift underground, helping to get out the coal they know the nation needs. I do not know whether or not the mine-workers will agree to accept Poles or other foreign labour. But it was proper, on this occasion, to pay tribute to what they have already achieved. Even in Christmas week, when the press damned the absentees—and too few people realise that the figures of absenteeism include men ill or hurt—they produced 400,000 tons more than in the equivalent week last year. We shall get through the coal crisis only if the public co-operates with the miners. Coal is not produced by the abuse of leader-writers who would not spend a week at the coalface for a pension.

* * *

One of the objections raised against a Royal Commission on the press was the impossibility of finding any legislative remedy for its evils. It is suggested that a nationalised totalitarian press, which, we know we don't want, is the only alternative to free enterprise. But there is an alternative that can be studied at first hand. In May 1945, a decree was passed in Czechoslovakia making it illegal for any individual to own or produce a daily or weekly newspaper. As a result, all the political parties, the army, the trade unions, as well as many cultural and specialised organisations run their own newspapers. I see from an article in *Our Time* that there are 492 of one sort or another in Prague. From the cartoons reproduced I gather that there is plenty of lively criticism and controversy, and that the syndicate of journalists is a responsible organisation, possessing what journalists have always demanded—a professional status. The development of this new kind of press will be interesting to watch. I see no reasons why such newspapers should not be free from State control or why editors of such papers should not be more independent than they are in commercial papers here. For some odd reason, when the editor of this journal proposed it as a hopeful line of enquiry for the Royal Commission, Question-Master of the *News Chronicle* was roused to ironical indignation. In any case, before Question-Master condemns the idea, he had better go to Prague and find out. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to R. G. Williams.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

"On the Westbury route the other day the bell rang and the bus pulled up in the usual way. No one got off, and the conductress, looking up the stairs into the mirror, saw a woman standing in the top deck gangway with a dog in her arms. The conductress ran up the stairs and said: 'Do you want to get off?' The woman replied: 'Oh! no—I rang the bell because I wanted to show my little doggie where he was born.'"—Quoted in *Bristol Evening Post*.

Personally, I think that the Beveridge Act, the object of which was to stimulate artificially the already excessive birth-rate of the slums, was the most mischievous law ever placed on the Statute Book.—Article in *Evening Standard*.

His whole appearance should arouse suspicion, say the police. Tattoo marks on the back of his hands include a pierced heart, the word "Mother" and five small dogs.—*News Chronicle*.

Were it not for the attraction of fox-hunting, who that could afford a trip abroad would consent to endure the discomfort of life in England during the winter months?—Letter in *Truth*.

The magistrates fined S———— 20*s*., and told him to contribute 20*s*. towards the cost of repairing the damage to D————'s suit which the knife had slit. They warned him against using a knife or threatening with a knife, saying that it was the custom in this country to rely on fists.—*Telegraph and Argus* (Bradford).

Four of the 300,000 towels "borrowed" from the G.W.R. during 1946 were returned to Paddington to relieve the consciences of the senders. The last two have just arrived in a parcel bearing a red label on which is inscribed "God bless the G.W.R."—*Lincolnshire Echo.*

BALCONY SCENE

Field-Marshal Montgomery will be guest of honour to-night at a Gala performance of a "Romeo and Juliet" ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre.—News Item.

Monty. What light in yonder Kremlin window breaks?
It is the east and Stalin is the sun!—
(*Stalin enters above.*)
It is my comrade; O, it is my love
Who speaks, and yet says nothing. What of that?

Stalin. O, Monty, Monty, wherefore art thou Monty?
Thou art thyself, although Montgomery,
Wert thou but mine and not Montgomery!
But how can Monty be a Bolshevik?

Monty. Call me but thine, and I'll be new baptized,
Henceforth I shall be thy Montgomery.

Stalin. Thou know'st the iron curtain masks my face,
Else might a blush perchance bepaint my cheek,
For meeting thee half way. Dost love me, Monty?

Monty. Now, by Britannia's word and bond, I swear,—

Stalin. O, swear not by perfidious Albion
Who monthly visiteth America.

Monty. I swear by the Imperial General Staff,—

Stalin. No, no, brave Monty, do not swear at all,
Or if thou must, swear by mine own Red Star,
And I'll believe. When shall we meet again?

Monty. What, must I wait to pay a formal call?

Stalin. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?

Monty. Exchanges with thy General Staff and mine.

Stalin. Would we were hand in hand and hand in glove.
Frankly, I fear thou art a butterfly.
Some say that Byrnes makes fair division,
I think not so, for he divideth us.
(*Molotov calls, within.*)

Molotov. Hist, Josephine!

Stalin. Anon, good Molotov.

Monty. Wouldst thou withdraw? And for what purpose, love?

Stalin. One word, dear Monty, ere I say good-night,
If that thy purpose here be honourable—

Monty. How canst thou ask?

Stalin. I shall send word to-morrow.

Monty. At what o'clock?

Stalin. Would nine sharp be too soon?

Monty. Make it six, prythee, for I rise betimes.

Molotov. Come, Josephine!

Monty. 'Tis twenty years till then.

Stalin. Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow!

Monty. I'm coming up. Why wait until to-morrow?
Drink to our line! Advance the potion scene,
I'll knock for six all blocks that come between.

Stalin. A perfectly magnificent idea,
Look forward, and not back to the Crimea!
Say *Dobryi Dien*, good Monty, not adieu!
Bring vodka, ho!

Monty. I don't mind if I do!

SAGITTARIUS

TRUSTEESHIP TROUBLES

PERHAPS the most unedifying feature of the recent Uno proceedings in New York was the dogfight in the Trusteeship Committee. One might have known this would happen. Once it was decided that trusteeship questions should be controlled by a Council composed of official representatives of the nations, instead of impartial experts as was the case on the old Mandates Commission, anyone could have foreseen—and many did—that here would be an unrivalled opportunity for throwing mud, for scoring debating points, for backstairs bargaining, and for a glorious orgy of abuse and counter-abuse with the colonial peoples as the missiles in the fray. All this had happened on the Preparatory Committee even before the Trusteeship Council was constituted. None of the participants have emerged with altogether clean hands, and, in the meantime, confidence in the whole business has been sadly weakened.

This is a thousand pities, for the Charter laid down certain provisions which were a distinct improvement over the Mandates system, and the general principle that Colonies should be a matter of international concern is immensely important. But some clauses of the Charter were so vaguely worded that the trouble began almost from the moment the work started at the first session of Uno last January. It appeared that the Council could not be set up until a number of trusteeship agreements were concluded, and that these agreements could not be concluded until the "States directly concerned" had approved them. Which were the States directly concerned? No one was sure. Also, it appeared that there was no obligation on any State to submit any agreement at all. The old League of Nations, in whom the sovereignty for the Mandates rested, had expired; sovereignty was thus left in the hands of the administering governments, and it was entirely a matter for their good will what action they took. At the first session of Uno, a number of the Powers—and here Britain played a leading and honourable role—offered to submit agreements for their Mandates to the second session, and it was hoped the Council could then come into being.

When the Trusteeship Committee met this time a number of agreements had, in point of fact, been submitted, but a storm was brewing because of South Africa's request to incorporate her Mandate of S.W. Africa instead of declaring it a trust territory. South Africa was asking for trouble: her record as regards native policy is notorious; and India had already determined to put her on the carpet for her treatment of Indians in Natal. Russia started the ball rolling by launching a vigorous attack on all colonial Powers, accusing them of bad faith in the delays that had occurred in setting up the Trusteeship Council. Britain could not refrain from retorting that her trust agreements had been submitted many months back to Russia, who had not even acknowledged, receiving them. After heated discussions, in which everyone pointed to the purity of his own motives and the perfection of his own actions, the attack switched over to South Africa. Here the Russians and the Indians had a field-day, the question of the Natal Indians (which was really being dealt with by the Political and Legal Committees) becoming inextricably mixed up with the S.W. Africa Mandate. Smuts, who was reported to have been "trembling with fury", then launched his broadside against India, where sectional oppression was, he claimed, at least as deplorable as anything in South Africa. Smuts' speech was brilliant, but sympathy was against South Africa, and Britain did nothing to improve her reputation by standing in lone, loyal support of her Dominion. Most people suspected some bargain had been struck, and the British escutcheon was badly blotted. South Africa's claim was not approved by the rest of the Committee, with Smuts threatening to snap his fingers in the face of the lot of them—as, indeed, legally he is entitled to do.

In the meantime America was in a spot of bother over the ex-Japanese Mandated Islands, which she is anxious to retain as naval bases of her own. She had compromised herself by insisting on having inserted in the Charter that all "States directly concerned" should be consulted over trusteeship agreements; her wish then was to have her finger in the pie of other people's arrangements. But now Russia was considering herself also a "State directly concerned," and interfering with every agreement that came along; and America very definitely did not want interference in her new island possessions. The U.S. delegate proposed, therefore, that "States directly concerned" should be taken to mean the administering Power only. This was greeted with derision by Russia; nor was condemnation of America stilled by the fact that the U.S. was asking for an "exclusive trusteeship" over the Islands, which would be declared to be strategic areas, and thus not fall under the Trusteeship Council at all. But Russia had the winning card in that pack—strategic trusteeships, according to the Charter, have to be approved by the Security Council, and no one could deny Russia her voice there. Yet perhaps America wins after all—for the Americans have hinted that whatever happens the U.S. will go on occupying the islands anyway!

When the Indian case against South Africa for the treatment of the Natal Indians came forward, most of the other delegates were hot under the collar. It was all very well agreeing that in South Africa Indians were treated badly, but, as Smuts pointed out, 80 per cent. of these Indians were S.A. Nationals, and this was a matter of domestic jurisdiction beyond the powers of Uno. Smuts did not hesitate to rub home the point that, once such matters could be probed at Uno, no nation could hope to be free from being hauled before the Assembly for the infringement of the political freedoms and rights or the oppression of some section of its population. Where would India herself stand here? Where America? Where Russia? America thought the matter should go before the International Court of Justice at The Hague to decide, not on the merits of this particular case, but whether legally, Uno could interfere at all. Britain agreed to this and so did South Africa, but the proposal was defeated. It was decided, instead, that both S. Africa and India should report back on the position of the Natal Indians to the next session.

Russia and India still had one or two cards to play. Russia was indignant that *all* Mandates had not been offered as Trust territories—and here came the chance for invective about Britain's handling of the Palestine position, and her failure to present a trusteeship agreement for that country. But Russia was on weak ground. There is nothing in the Charter to compel this action, and Russia revealed herself as more concerned with propaganda points than with the people of Palestine. India cut no better figure in her proposal that all trust territories should be administered collectively by Uno. This proposal was utterly squashed and in the end withdrawn. Not only would it be a very dubious proposition administratively, even in a rational world, but no one but a madman could wish to be administered by Uno collectively, in its present state.

After weeks of palaver, eight trusteeship agreements were accepted and the Trusteeship Council was able to be born. But, in true story-book style, an important fairy was absent from the christening, putting evil spells on the infant off-stage. Russia and her supporters will have nothing to do with the new Council. They claim that the whole thing is unconstitutional as all the "States directly concerned" have not approved of the trusteeship agreements—a situation which, had the U.S. exercised any gumption, might have been avoided by agreeing to omit that fatal, ambiguous phrase from the Charter.

The long and the short of the matter appears to be that the protagonists in the trusteeship drama fall into two camps—those who wish to make the Trusteeship Council work and those who do not. Unfortunately the first camp (of

which Britain may be said to be the leader) are suspect in the eyes of the world for their colonial records; whereas the second camp (led by Russia) are not. These latter have considerable moral support, and their shafts and sallies strike cruelly home, but what constructive end do they hope to gain by their polemics? The former are on the defensive through the weight of public opinion remembering the past. In the meantime the black, brown and yellow men who inhabit these lands make shift as best they can. Perhaps it is as well for their peace of mind that few of them have yet been educated to read the reports emanating from Uno.

RITA HINDEN

THE BRIDGE AT ENNS

I TRAVELLED from Vienna to Linz by road, accompanied by two important Viennese who are amongst the most charming, cultured and progressive people I've met anywhere in Europe. It was a pleasant journey, passed in discussing the historic causes of the baroque content of Austrian architecture. Only three things served as evidence that we were in a war-torn and occupied country—the occasional lurch of the car as we skirted a shell-hole, an occasional Russian soldier with his tommy-gun over his shoulder, and the hideous, garish wooden arches which the Russians build at each end of the towns and which the Austrians facetiously call *Russkikultur*. All very pleasant—until we got to the bridge at Enns, which is the great frontier-post between the Russian and American zones.

On the Russian side, a soldier who could have been little older than seventeen took a quick look at our papers and waved us on. But on the other side, a tall and surly G.I. went through the papers very slowly and deliberately. He began with the driver, and sent him off to be deloused. He then did the same to both my companions. Finally, he looked very hard at my papers, then very hard at me, and then again at my papers, after which he decided, with extreme and obvious reluctance, that he had better consider me up to American standards of cleanliness.

I got out of the car to look at this *entlausung*. My friends were taken into a wooden shack which was indescribably filthy. In it, a raggedly dressed Austrian wielded a none-too-clean insecticide-spray filled with D.D.T. He inserted the end of the spray between the victim's Adam's-apple and his collar, and squirted the engine. Then the victim's card was stamped to show that he'd been through the process and hence was free from a repetition for a month.

An officer with whom I later discussed this business said "It may be nauseating, but it's not as bad as a typhus epidemic." That's the official view, and it just doesn't stand up to examination. To be effective, a delousing barrier must be (i) universal, *i.e.*, cover every possible carrier; (ii) thorough, *i.e.*, remove every possible source of infection; and (iii) regular. The barrier at Enns fulfils none of these three conditions. On the first, it was useless to treat three people without also treating a fourth who had spent three hours in a closed car with them; and anyhow, I'm sure they don't dare to delouse Russian officers. On the second, a treatment which doesn't include the subject's hair is clearly valueless; and on the third, I just don't believe that that perfunctory squirt still functions three and a half weeks later. Thus the whole performance quite fails to fulfil a purpose as a defence against typhus.

Then has it any other purpose? I think it has, in fact, two objects, which are to show the Russians what the Americans think of them and their zone and all it contains, and to keep the Austrians aware that they are a conquered and occupied people. This is as pretty a Herrenvolk-complex as any other nation has ever had.

* * *

Even the best military controllers don't make quadripartite control a sensible or even a tolerable affair. The present regime in Austria hampers the reconstruction of the country in many ways, of which I quote the following four:—

1. Occupation is bleeding the country. The Austrians have paid more for one year's occupation costs than the whole of Italian reparations. The warmth of the Allied transit hotels contrasts sharply with the pitiful old women walking home from the woods laden with bundles of twigs for firewood. The great majority of children have only one pair of shoes, and half of these let in water. At nightfall on the Underground, one sees women returning with the result of a day's scrounging in the country—a few potatoes or root vegetables in a haversack or a string bag. Requisitioning is a handicap to commerce and industry on a scale undreamt of in this country. At Linz the Americans have commandeered every hotel on dry land, and I stayed in one which the Austrians have made by mooring together two Danube steamers—the only "Ship Hotel" I've been in which really is a ship.

2. The Control Commissions provide Austrian Ministers with a ready-made excuse for all shortcomings. This excuse is not unwelcome in a government consisting of an uneasy coalition between Socialist planners and People's Party anti-planners. (The anti-planners include the Minister of Planning and Reconstruction!)

3. The general national situation gives encouragement to advocates of another *Anschluss* with Germany. If we're treated like Germany, they ask, why can't we be joined with Germany, especially as the British Zone of Austria is less cut off from the British Zone of Germany than from the Russian Zone of Austria, and so on? The heavy Right-wing majority in the recent university elections is not without significance.

4. Then there is the problem of crime amongst the occupying forces. One is bound to discount some of the wilder stories of gangsterism, but Secretary of State Graf, in a speech at Innsbrück on November 18th, gave official figures of cases of murder, attempted murder and robbery with violence, which in six months numbered 231, of which only 20 had been committed by Austrians. As to the rest, the Occupying Powers never admit that any crime is ever committed by a soldier; if there is eye-witness evidence that it was, then the culprit is described as "a man in soldier's uniform."

* * *

I was interested to observe the reactions of industrial managers to all these difficulties, and to compare them with those of British industrialists. I wish I could take some of our grumblers to meet the management team of a chemical factory I visited, who work hard, cheerfully, constructively, patiently and successfully, at about a fifth of the salary of their British counterparts, to overcome apparently insuperable difficulties. I wonder how some of our managers would react, in 1946, to Austrian levels of destruction and requisitioning, to having to detach workers to go out and collect firewood, to having to get two sets of permits (one from 120 miles away) for anybody to visit the factory, to having to nag for every penny of expenditure because they don't get paid for their deliveries, to managing without any typewriters or office machines (looted by the Nazis), to a coal cut of 57 per cent. from one month to the next, and to not knowing whom their factory belongs to and whether it will be dismantled next week.

* * *

As a tailpiece, the best story I heard in Austria, and a true one to boot, is that of the British officer who has to look after, and provide transport for, visiting V.I.P.s. One day he was required to find separate and simultaneous transport for a ballerina, a bishop and a brigadier, and, being short of cars, had to put them in priority order. His selection, made after deep cogitation, was: 1 bishop, 2 brigadier, 3 ballerina. That would have been my guess, too; but it transpires, on higher authority, that it was wrong. No prizes are offered for a correct solution; but the problem is recommended as a subject for scientific speculation.

IAN MIKARDO

RETIRED

SIR BERNARD TRINDLEY, K.C.B., that eminent civil servant, sat back in his authoritative chair at the Ministry and looked at his watch. Six o'clock! But not any ordinary six o'clock. For this was the 65th anniversary of his birth and there would be for him no more six o'clocks, nor indeed any other official hours in Whitehall. After 40 years' service he must now pack up, and vanish from the bureaucratic scene in which he had for so long played so many and so various parts.

He had spent the afternoon clearing out his drawers and cabinets. Many dusty and forgotten papers had come to light—reports and memoranda which at the time he had thought worth preserving but which now he found as faded in matter as in script; newspaper cuttings about his C.B. and various subsequent promotions and honours; MSS. of articles he had written at home, but which, rejected by undiscerning editors, he had thought safer at the office. (His wife expected him to be successful in every way.) There were also congratulatory letters from Ministers, valued at the time; but where were they, and what signified these august signatures now?

There lay on his desk an alarming pile of valedictory letters from colleagues, from congenial people with whom he had kept his friendships in good repair, and from others long forgotten who had now suddenly and surprisingly come to the surface with queer iridescent bubbles from the past. These letters must be answered, and in that task Sir Bernard welcomed something that would help to fill the yawning gap of the first weeks of idleness. For he would take pains with his replies, trying to fit each to the character and interests of the recipient. And even with this daunting prospect he would not depart from his rule that such personal letters must be written by his own hand.

That morning there had been an official ceremony of farewell with a presentation of book tokens. The scene was familiar to Sir Bernard, but the actors played different parts. So often he had been in the chair paying tribute to some departing elderly clerk, or dealing with the ante-nuptial recognition of a shorthand-typist who had chosen matrimony and the marriage allowance in preference to the spinsterish and distant prospect of a pension. Now the positions were reversed. A junior had taken the chair and Sir Bernard sat subordinate, trying to pick up from the opening speech some hint for a happy impromptu or an apt anecdote of official life. Replying, he felt embarrassed. How to say as much as he felt without exceeding official decorum? How to fit what he must say to the extraordinarily varied types round the table—regulars, temporaries, business men, all ages? Would "Unarm Eros . . ." not be too pretentious and literary? Would a light reference to "the abhorred shears" be understood by anybody? Would not ". . . the best is still to be" merely provoke a superior smile from the self-assured assistant-principal who had recently come on the staff *via* the London School of Economics? It had all been very difficult. In the end he had merely expressed in simple words his regret at parting from so many loyal and valued colleagues and his gratitude for all they had done for him. He knew well how much.

The office gave sounds of departure and closing doors, but Sir Bernard sat on. His thoughts ranged back over the years—the open competition in which from Balliol he had secured a high place, the first uncertain days in which nobody had seemed to want him very much, the arduous time as private secretary to a difficult Minister, the Royal Commission which he had steered past many rocks. Then, as he rose to the top, there came briefs for Ministers, the annual ordeal of the Public Accounts Committee, and the Parliamentary Questions at whose dread summons all other tasks, however urgent, must be dropped. Two World Wars and a General Strike provided the highlights in the picture. Now it was all over and, though he had not dared to say so, he

sympathised with Anthony's words to Eros. It had been a "long day's task."

"Well," he concluded his reverie, "here I am all set for idleness. It will be at least a new experience." And he tried to convince himself that he was looking forward with curiosity rather than with apprehension. He was fit in mind and body and therefore, in a limited sense, the world was all before him wherein to choose. But a nagging thought recurred. I have accumulated pension rights, but have I accumulated that non-material capital which should go with a pension? Can I find sufficient interest in art, music, literature or the present behaviour of this turbulent world to fill the gap left by habit discontinued? Will making my bed to help in the ever-present domestic crises, or mending fuses, or pottering in the garden be enough? And if not, do I just have—after these paths of minor glory—to await the inevitable hour? In the past there had always been some foreshortening hurdle, some helpful milestone—promotion, marriage, children, the holiday in the Alps, the summons to a new Department. Now what could he discern ahead except that ultimate promotion? And had he, he asked himself, really built up the spiritual and stoical capital for that?

He cast a meditative glance round the room of so many memories and left the Office.

On reaching home Sir Bernard took from his well-stocked book-shelf the essays of Charles Lamb, and opened at "The Superannuated Man." In Elia perhaps some comfort might be found.

"*I wandered about thinking I was happy and knowing that I was not.*" This was not too promising. As a Civil Servant and one who had done Greats at Oxford, Sir Bernard felt he could not really think one thing and know the exact opposite. How could he force harsh knowledge to comforting thought?

"*It is a sort of Eternity for a man to have Time all to himself . . . From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue.*" That was better, with its suggestion of perpetuity and riches. But Lamb had retired at 50 (and on two-thirds of his salary) and could no doubt start his new life in that immense expectation of years. Sir Bernard had only five on the Psalmist's reckoning. Besides, Lamb had practised his real craft in office and had thus carried it matured into the opulence of retirement. An overworked civil servant could have no such happy continuity.

"*I am Retired Leisure.*" This was encouraging. Sir Bernard recalled heaped-up trays, repellent files, late hours in the official gallery in the House, urgent summonses to conferences, the ever-demanding telephone, curtailed vacations. Leisure, real irresponsible leisure might perhaps be enough by contrast.

"*I walk about ; not to and fro.*" That sounded a welcome note. No more crowded tubes from Hampstead at nine, to Hampstead at six or seven or even midnight if the House was sitting. No more of that Black Monday feeling which still persisted from school days.

"*I grow into gentility perceptibly . . . a certain otium cum dignitate air.*" An uplifting thought. Given the scope and the opportunity Sir Bernard felt he might achieve a certain leisured dignity "*at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street.*" Or with becomingly measured steps he might "*indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall,*" on the way to an unbroken afternoon in his Club.

Next morning after breakfast he intimated to Lady Trindley that he would take a walk on the Heath. Would he call afterwards at the Food Office and change some BUs into points? Why, of course. But as he went along Church Row at his customary pace, that trouble about the Minister's reply in the House last night—duly exploited by the morning papers—recurred to his mind and held his attention. Abstractedly he entered the customary tube station, the familiar lift. The train had passed Chalk Farm before he remembered: he had said farewell to arms, as decisively as Anthony. Or had he? After all, there were still the BUs in his pocket. In his wife's warfare there was no discharges.

J. W. P.

The Arts and Entertainment

THEATRE

"The Master Builder," at the Arts

This is a production to see: because it is the best of that wonderful final group of plays written in the last decade of Ibsen's life; because it is a perfect example of the magic whereby Ibsen, in these plays, makes the symbolism more precise and the realism more natural, by combining them in the same drama; because by this balance of two different kinds of truth he makes this metaphorical death of the creative artist, the master-builder, this death of self-deception, this death of a refusal to accept the fact of the encroachment of the younger generation, as concrete as the physical destruction of the fall from the top of the tower. When Fate knocks at the door in the shape of the new generation, the metaphor is all the more effective, because Fate turns out to be that very unweird sister Hilda, with yellow hair and blue eyes, the sanest, most straightforward, and most real character in the play.

These points are well brought out by Mr. Peter Ashmore's careful production and effective casting of this play. Miss Valerie White, as Hilda, succeeds in giving the impression that she is the only character whose whole identity is involved when she listens, and when she replies. Mr. Valk, in the principal part, suggests with his vagueness, his remorse, his hypertension, his fear, that he is never listening *to* anybody, but always listening *for* the one word, the one act, which can give him comfort. Miss Jane Henderson, as Aline, his wife, gives almost the best performance, always watching, always seeing "motives," and forgiving them, with remorseless resignation. Her tears are most moving and that wonderful scene when she is explaining her grief to Hilda—no, it is not grief for her little children, who died—it is our duty, of course, to realise the blessed happiness of their state—but for her dolls, burnt in the fire. A classical example of transference of course—we know all about that sort of thing nowadays. "What is now proved was once only imagined."

STEPHEN POTTER

WOBBLE

OF present discontents in the world of music few are more troublesome than singer's wobble. Hunding's hut, in the recent *Walküre* broadcast, resounded with instability for over an hour. Hunding himself belied his stolid nature by quivering like a sensitive jelly; the sympathetic Sieglinde quivered too—more excusably perhaps; and as for the heroic Siegmund, those two great cries in which he calls upon his absent parent developed such a "beat" that one could count the oscillations like those of a punkah. Despite the silken playing of Sir Thomas Beecham's orchestra, the total musical effect was marred by a vocal line which often sounded more like a series of approximations than a series of notes.

Mr. F. Field-Hyde, in a useful but not altogether well arranged little pamphlet*, distinguishes between three kinds of unsteadiness, of which the first two are different degrees of the same thing. (1) By *vibrato* we are to understand a small regular variation in pitch, similar to that deliberately produced by the violinist, and not apprehended by the ear as two alternating notes; a semi-tone is the maximum limit, a quarter-tone is preferable. (2) *Tremolo* is defined as a variation in pitch *exceeding* a semitone and therefore plainly perceptible to the ear as such. It is always undesirable, whether in Hunding's hut or elsewhere. It must not be confused with the string-player's use of the same word to indicate rapid repetitions of a single note. (3) *Judder* is an expressive portmanteau word used by motoring types to describe the sort of shuddering jerk caused by a loose clutch. Mr. Field-Hyde is, I think, the first to apply it to singing; he uses it in the sense of marked rapid changes in intensity, i.e., in loudness (*not* in pitch), during the emission of a single note; it is found, he says, both by itself and in conjunction with tremolo.

I can't recall ever having heard an instance of judder without tremolo; and conversely I think that heavy tremolo is almost always accompanied by a slight degree of judder, the upper part of the "note" tending to be louder than the lower, just as it is in the sustained yowling of a small child. Still, the distinctions in nomenclature made by Mr. Field-Hyde are valuable in that they focus attention on what is actually happening when we hear these strange noises. I should like to be told, by the way, what is the precise physical difference between an involuntary tremolo of a whole tone and a perfect whole-tone trill such as was produced by Melba in her prime; is it that the movement from one note to the other is a clean step in the latter case and a smudge in the former? And the mention of Melba's name reminds me of a misconception to which, I am glad to see, Mr. Field-Hyde lends no support. The ideal tone is *not* a dead-level emission, and no considerable singer, not even the young Melba or the young Elisabeth Schumann, has ever possessed such a tone; in so far as it could be achieved, it would have the disagreeable effect of a factory hooter. The instinctive dislike which people feel for scientifically level tone, whether in strings, wood-wind or some untrained voices, is probably akin to nature's (or the artist's) abhorrence of a mathematically straight line. The difference is that, whereas the instrumentalist must take steps to supply minute variations in pitch, the singer (whose instrument is living tissue) has more often to concentrate on steadying what is inherently liable to fluctuate.

Whence then comes the extravagant wobble of so many professional singers to-day? Never, according to Mr. Field-Hyde, from deliberate cultivation; but I am not so sure. The Italians, for instance, consider a voice like Melba's far too white and sexless; they insist on a more passionate and vibrant kind of singing. And in our own country there are kindred phenomena in popular taste which arouse one's suspicions; are not some sopranos trying to rival the tremolo stops of the Wurlitzer, or even the street-corner accomplishment of the wobbly whistle? Nevertheless, most of the evidence tends to support Mr. Field-Hyde's view that tremolo usually develops involuntarily from "the modern craze for the quick development of power and the lack of that watchfulness on the part of teacher and singer by which it is possible to avert the loss of control." In fact, the voice is forced at the expense of control. Note that the most pronounced cases of unsteadiness tend to occur in voices of heavy timbre, *e.g.*, the Hunding's hut group; it is easier for an Elisabeth Schumann than for a Frida Leider to avoid wobble. In the present day the mania for quick results added to "type-specialisation" means that the potential Wagner or Puccini singer goes all out for resonance and power at a stage when his or her predecessor fifty years ago would have been mastering the old-fashioned florid repertory. Wagner himself much preferred singers who had graduated from the Italian school before essaying his parts. Lilli Lehmann, before she became one of the world's greatest Brünhildes and Isoldes, had sung the whole of the lyric repertory from the Queen of the Night downwards. The golden rule is not to force, and always to be on the look-out for the fatal beginnings of tremolo; for prevention is better than cure. Cure may involve going right back to the very beginning—a step which Mme. X and Signor Y are naturally unwilling to contemplate in mid-career.

In one way and another the level of singing has dropped so low that I sometimes think a Royal Commission ought to investigate the whole subject. High on its agenda should come the elimination of wobble; and it might be a good thing to fix a Maximum Permissible Wobble Standard, for exceeding which singers would be liable to lose their engagements.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

* *Vocal Vibrato, Tremelo and Judder.* By F. C. FIELD-HYDE. *Oxford University Press*, 3s. 6d.

RADIO NOTES

This is the Law: The first series produced under this title was a very pretty example of the sugar-coated pill: it went down easily, tasted nice, and "worked." In the second series, of which I have

heard one programme and a bit, Miss Jennifer Wayne seems to have loosened her grip, both on the realities of the subject and on the representation of ordinary people. In portraying a careless and selfish motorist she overstepped the bounds of any possibility in attributing to her Mr. Lark quite so many delinquencies per square minute. Truth to average experience must be the first rule of broadcasts such as these: the moment the distortions of allegory are permitted to take possession of the characters, we begin to doubt the validity of the problem they are intended to illustrate, and conclude that "a case like that could never apply to us"—which is precisely what Miss Wayne should wish to avoid. Her Mr. Lark was simply the wicked capitalist of Soviet propaganda—in the circumstances a miscalculation. The second broadcast in this series, *Public Mischief*, seemed to have been written with a warier eye to plausibility; but it was so blithely over-acted that I could not stand more than five minutes of it. Miss Wayne is a producer whom one could never accuse of dullness—and that is much; when she fails, the cause, I think, lies in over-emphasis, and a tendency to underestimate the average person's ability to take the obvious in his stride.

Circle on Circle. At the risk of again arousing the ire of Mr. MacNeice, who produced, I must protest that this type of piece is a solemn bore. Churchy voices intoning portentous apophthegms; music turned on and off like a tap, to fill the gaps; all the well-worn paraphernalia of radio allegory masquerading as "poetry" . . . I had expected something a great deal fresher from so original and in every way gifted a poet as W. R. Rodgers. There is a real sense in which we of to-day are less naïve than our ancestors. We cannot accept a picture of experience reduced to a system of crude moral symbols. This may be unfortunate, but I think it is a fact. Even Bunyan would be unendurably dull and unconvincing if his narrative were not exciting in itself and his language magnificent. Symbolism is a possible form of art nowadays only provided the "meaning" remains thoroughly implicit. The story and its characters must have considerable independent interest; as in Kafka's miraculous inventions, the wider application must always be subordinate to the immediate vividness (tragedy, humour, horror) of the presented scene; and there should be at least a margin of doubt—of mystery—in any deeper significance we may feel to be there.

The World of Light. This is the kind we should expect of a very clever moralist with a feeble sense of the theatre. It takes too long to get going; even then the pace is too slow and drawn out with detail which might not be irrelevant in a novel, but for which there is no room in a play. If my memory serves, the first two acts were sensibly lighter going on the stage; but the character drawing is always excellent, the dialogue never less than amusing, and on the air the final scenes were extremely effective. The play was well cast and the production suitably merciless to Mr. Huxley's charmless folk.

The *Saxophone Concerto* by Miss Phyllis Tate, which was given its first performance last week, was a very pleasant work. Although a certain affiliation to Poulenc was apparent, this music had real individuality, and struck me as being precisely within the composer's scope—which is no such faint praise. The tune in the second movement was extremely well managed. We may expect to hear from Miss Tate again.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MOVIES

"Cross My Heart," at the Carlton
"The Gold Rush," at the Everyman (from Monday)
"Temptation," at the Leicester Square

The new films this week are of a kind which it is absurd to view, privately, at 10.30 in the morning; imagine a press-show of Ivor Novello arias, with Mr. Ernest Newman and his fellow-critics attending at the Wigmore Hall! You need the sniggers and coughs round you to maintain a pretence that *Cross My Heart* is successful satire, while the only way of enjoying *Temptation* is to walk in halfway through, which at least gives the interest of picking up the threads, and of meeting the end before the beginning. The latter method (popular especially in the days before queueing) I have found always preferable with films I have no particular wish to see. The average programme and the continuous performance are in fact inseparable. So long as one can walk carelessly in and out, the cinema will continue to possess one advantage over the theatre. Of course it annoys me when other people do the same with a film I am enjoying.

Cross My Heart makes us laugh intermittently with its burlesque of a murder trial. The only way the heroine can hope to be acquitted of a false charge of murder is by pretending that she is guilty and that she acted in self-defence. She croons a sentimental ditty while, like a cabaret-singer, perambulating the court; there is a heat-wave and the jurymen take their coats off; the prosecution gives an even more heated and melodramatic performance than usual; there is an individual among the public benches who has a habit of blowing up a balloon and letting it expire noisily with lowering effect. Some of this is funny. But the fun is never more than, as it were, stuck on. Nothing could be more drearily sloppy than the poignant love-scenes and misunderstandings between the hero and the heroine: at one point, when things aren't going well, he lives alone with a pet dove which he addresses as (I think) "Mr. Fisby." There are also one or two cabaret shouting-numbers from Miss Betty Hutton, the lady in question. By far the best feature of *Cross My Heart* is Mr. Michael Chekov's appearance as a mannered tragedian of the old school (he with the balloon), who makes a habit of killing the "Kings" he has acted with in *Hamlet*. The whole film is a hotch-potch, not without lively moments, which make one sigh for the absence of Preston Sturges who could have dealt brilliantly with this theme. What has become of Mr. Sturges? Has he succumbed to all the usual influences and does he now, under another name, turn out the kind of film he once pulled faces at? What has happened to the American funny film in general? Last year gave us only the Marx Brothers' return and (for those who could find him funny) Danny Kaye. More than ever recently my thoughts have gone back to the heyday when Keystone comedies, Chaplin two-reelers, Laurel and Hardy shorts, Buster Keaton, W. C. Fields, Robert Benchley, Silly Symphonies made almost any programme worth dropping in on.

How much longer before Chaplin himself reappears with a beard and (possibly) a Parisian accent as Landru? The statutory five years are up, surely. But it seems we shall have to wait a considerable while yet. A revival of his masterpiece, *The Gold Rush*, at the Everyman, may console us. This, of course, is the reissue with Chaplin's own commentary: beautifully done in its way, if the film had not been complete without it.

Why Miss Merle Oberon should have been chosen as the *femme fatale* who, having begun to poison her husband, changes her mind and poisons her lover instead, must remain the final mystery of *Temptation*. She is hardly the one to let herself go, though her costumier does with a dazzling sequence of Edwardian gowns. Events—in this old Hichens novel—move rather tediously at the Villa Bella Donna, where men dig for Pharaohs and women prefer a lover with tarboost: one good thing about our getting out of Egypt may be that there will be less temptation for novelists to write about the mysterious Near East. "Allah knows, we only think we know," said with a smile, marks the bounds of local colour and wit. The garden, Pharaoh's tomb, the Egyptians, and the future Director of the British Museum and his wife, all look highly unreal: a case, I should have thought, for gorgeous Technicolor.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

FABER BOOKS

Book Token Suggestions

Arturo Barea: *The Track* (10/6), *The Clash* (12/6). **Winifred Bambrick:** *Continental Revue* (9/6). **Mathena Blomefield:** *The Balleymung Pit* (8/6), *Nuts in the Rookery* (8/6). **Somerset de Chair:** *A Mind on the March* (10/6). **Maurice Collis:** *Land of the Great Image* (16/-), *White of Mergen* (8/6), *Foreign Mud* (21/-). **Martin Johnson:** *Time, Knowledge and the Nebulae* (12/6), *Art and Scientific Thought* (16/-). **Walter de la Mare:** *The Traveller* (7/6). **Winifred Peck:** *There Is a Fortress* (8/6). **A. L. Rowse:** *Poems of Deliverance* (7/6). **William Saroyan:** *The Human Comedy* (8/6), *Dear Baby* (6/-). **J. W. Waterer:** *Leather: in Life, Art and Industry* (50/-).

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JONATHAN CAPE

HOMAGE TO A STAR

I HOPE that more will be written, in papers which devote more space to dancing, about Moira Shearer's first performance of Odette and Odile in *Swan Lake* at Covent Garden, on December 21st. I want to stress one point in particular of this performance. Incredible as it may seem, this very difficult part, one of the most exacting in the classical repertory, and one which makes such demands on the technique, intelligence and temperament of the dancer, was performed for the first time by this young dancer without a rehearsal with the orchestra, without, I believe, even a rehearsal on the stage where she would have to perform it. That she performed it almost perfectly is quite amazingly to her credit, but not at all to the credit of the management. For beauty, intelligence and grace she is in the front rank of the Odettes we have seen, and she showed again a genuine gift for acting. The sinister glitter of her cajolery as Odile was as remarkable as her tenderness as Odette, and her technical performance in both roles was admirable. She is clearly a very intelligent as well as a beautiful and musically gifted dancer. But the management has no right to rely on such a degree of intelligence in a young dancer whom it has every interest to cherish as a star. If she had been less resourceful or less well partnered by David Paltenghi she might easily have fallen below her real standard. Imagine a solo pianist or violinist standing up before the public without rehearsal with the orchestra. It is unthinkable. And a dancer has not only the problems of musical space and dynamics to consider, but actual stage space to cover. Moira Shearer is a new star, and a very young one. She should receive the homage due to a star. Not the homage of bouquets or applause—they are a mere coda to the performance—but the homage due to a creative artist, which should consist in making every physical burden as light as possible, so that her interpretative powers may function at their highest level.

Act III in *Swan Lake* needs a great deal of hard work. The national dances tend to develop into romps unworthy of the very lovely music, especially on the part of the men. (I can see a Spaniard smiling wryly over the Spanish Dance.) The orchestra also needs more sensitive handling by the conductor, as well as better performance by the instrumentalists. It seems to rely too much on the blunted sensibilities of an audience accustomed to the under-rehearsal of the Proms. The music of *Swan Lake* is a masterpiece worthy of the very best performance. That it is not getting at present. The master touch is lacking.

BERYL DE ZOETE

Correspondence

THE CASE FOR MR. BEVIN

SIR,—My colleague, Aiden Crawley, appears to misunderstand not only the fundamentals of the Labour Party's traditional foreign policy, but also the basis and purpose of our efforts to induce the Government to act more closely in conformity with it. I say "more closely" since neither the Amendment to the Address, nor the Memorandum preceding it, asked for a reorientation as pro-Soviet as that implicit in a very succinct statement of Party attitude by the Prime Minister in 1937, when he was Leader of the Opposition, that:—

> "If Labour were in power in this country, it could, with France and the U.S.S.R. and the smaller States which are largely governed under Socialist inspiration, pursue a policy of international economic co-operation based on the utilisation of abundance instead of restriction, which would rapidly have its effect on world economic conditions."
>
> (*The Labour Party in Perspective*, p. 225.)

In fact, if the so-called "rebels" deviated at all from Party policy in their attitude it was in the direction of more co-operation with American capitalist democracy than the traditions of our Party have hitherto envisaged.

The Party's attitude towards capitalism, whether accompanied by political democracy or not, has always been most specific; and in its detailed statement of policy in 1944, *The International Post-War Settlement*, it indicts as follows:—

> "Capitalism means everywhere the protection of the privileges of the few by the sacrifice of the well-being of the many; and in relations between States, capitalism means a power politics which is even more ugly and brutal."

Mr. Crawley might do well to reflect that one way in which capitalism expresses itself in the American political democracy to which he leans to a point of overbalancing is by the exclusion, from the polling booths in the Southern States, of large numbers of coloured U.S. citizens—and accompanied often by brute force which has sometimes ended in murder. Perhaps this might be borne in mind when we feel disposed to pass strictures on the political systems of others.

I agree with him that there are forces in the United States which are making a bid to eliminate these and other defects in her political democracy and to pursue policies of economic co-operation. But it should not escape him that it is precisely these forces which are highly critical of the foreign policy being pursued by their own Administration, on issues very similar to those upon which we ventured to criticise the Government here.

The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION does not, as I see it, put forward the claim that the traditional policy of the Labour Party is "Russia right or wrong"; neither has this been the attitude of the bulk of the Government's critics in this matter. It is therefore a pity that Raymond Blackburn's efforts at dialectical demolition were devoted to knocking down an Aunt Sally put up by Mr. Crawley with, no doubt, the unspoken approval of those of his friends whose principal contribution to any discussion on foreign affairs consists, unlike his own, of insinuations that those who disagree with them are disloyal to the Labour Party.

No. The expression of view to which Mr. Crawley has first to address himself is that contained in Mr. Bevin's statement at the Blackpool Conference on May 23rd, 1945, amplified by his recent broadcast, that "The United States of America is a country which believes in private enterprise. The Soviet Union has socialised her economy. Britain stands between the two, I think, with a tremendously progressive chance towards the socialised economy we need."

If he disagrees with that viewpoint, then the argument is with the Foreign Secretary, with whose above-quoted opinion I and many of my colleagues entirely agree. If on the other hand he endorses this attitude then it becomes a matter of practical interpretation in the light of the various Party policy declarations from which I have already quoted. Mr. Crawley seems to think that intimate collaboration with the United States, including the standardisation of arms with her, but always "leaving the door open" for Russia—as the "World's Official Opposition" to come in, is consistent with both the Party's Socialism and the principles of Uno. I do not.

Moreover, the recent agreement between the Air Forces of Britain and the U.S., announced by *The Times* of Jan. 1st, "for the continuance in peace of wartime co-operation in staff methods, tactics, equipment and research," is quite out of harmony with Article 52 of the Charter—though doubtless the "regional arrangements" envisaged by it will be quoted as a justification. It is bound, furthermore, to give rise to more suspicions on the part of the Soviet, to which Mr. Churchill's observations on the Anglo-French Staff Conversations prior to 1914 have a certain relevance:—

> " . . . However explicitly the two Governments might agree and affirm each other that no national or political engagement was involved in these

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THE BODLEY HEAD

technical discussions, the fact remained that they constituted an exceedingly potent tie."

(*The Crisis*)

Dealing with Soviet fears and suspicions at Blackpool on May 23rd, 1945, the Foreign Secretary said: " . . . it will be the duty of the Labour Party, if returned to power, to remove that fear; and may I say that *we* have no bad past to live down." I do not believe that the conclusion of such an agreement, taken in conjunction with many other acts of discrimination in favour of the United States, is the best way of performing that duty.

And a "duty," as Mr. Bevin so correctly describes it, it certainly is. For the Coalition *had* a reputation to live down. Russian suspicions, as Mr. David Tirrell pointed out in your issue of November 16th, 1946, began to reappear after May, 1944—at about the same time, incidentally, that the National Council of Labour was becoming exceedingly restive about the Coalition's policy in relation to Franco Spain; and to be followed by evidence of Coalition support for plans to restore the "nationalist" regime in Greece.

Mr. Crawley's apologia is essentially a defence of tactic, and in the concluding paragraph of his latest letter he hints that our economic dependence on the U.S. is a vital consideration to be taken into account. It is. But Mr. Bevin's words in 1940 are as true to-day as they were then. "When people resort to tactics as against principles," he said, "I feel that their destiny may be written on the wall."

House of Commons. DONALD BRUCE

SIR,—" The Soul of the Labour Party " and " The Case for Mr. Bevin " which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago were most illuminating articles. Both vividly illustrated the truth of your contention that " the Labour Party has never evolved a view of Foreign Affairs based on clear-cut principles."

This is due, I think, to a fundamental error most Socialists still appear to accept as axiomatic. It is the assumption that the cause of war is economic, with its consequent corollary that its cure is therefore World Socialism. This assumption derives presumably from the Marxian slogan, coined nearly a hundred years ago, since when the meanings of the two substantive words have both radically altered, that " capitalism is the cause of war." Thousands of people still repeat that shibboleth.

It is undoubtedly true that the economic anarchy of capitalism plays a major part in fomenting in a community a desire for war. It is also true that the profit motive thrives on, and therefore engenders, a war mentality. But, in the last analysis, a community only *goes to war* because it has the power as a community to do so; that is to say, because it *is* a sovereign state in an anarchic world.

In the Middle Ages one of the essential freedoms was the liberty of the subject to raise and equip a private army and to use it when necessary to enforce his settlement of a grievance. This freedom was ultimately abolished, and with it the era of baronial wars in England. But the change of policy never abolished *the desire* of subsequent British " barons " to resort to armed force when they considered their interests threatened. It did, however, end their ability to do so. And it compelled them to take their grievances to law, alternatively to try to amend the law by constitutional methods when they thought it required changing. By the same token, when international grievances, which provoke a desire for war in a national community, can be settled before the law and the decision of the courts effectively enforced, with the proviso that where the existing law is thought to be unjust it is known to be possible by constitutional methods of democratic agitation to alter it: when this can be done, world order will be maintained, and " the peace " be kept. That is another way of saying that within an area where effective democratically made law prevails, peace will obtain. When it is absent, anarchy and strife ensure.

If this analysis is sound, it follows that peace is a function of law and not of economics: that the Marxian analysis of war is therefore wrong.

In your article " The Soul of the Labour Party " a curious sentence occurs. In reference to Crawley's arguments you write " they disregard the Socialist analysis of the causes of war and revolution." In its context this gives the impression that the Socialist assumes the causes of revolution and of war to be identical. They are not. The orthodox Socialist analysis of revolution is correct; the cause is basically economic. Hence the revolution which took place peacefully in this country on July 5th, 1945. The cause of twentieth-century war, however, is not economic. It is basically legal. It arises precisely because international economic anomalies cannot be resolved by political revolution due to the absence of an effective legal framework within which the desired revolution can take place peacefully. Hence the attack by Germany upon Poland in 1939 over a dispute about *Lebensraum* which was impossible of legal settlement in view of the fact that no democratically constituted universal law existed under which it could be effectively resolved.

At all times in the history of *homo sapiens* disputes will arise and differences of opinion exist. But if these differences can be settled under law—by political revolution if necessary—and if it is also known that the law can be adjusted or amended by constitutional methods, then wars will cease, and the desires which now provoke them will be canalised into political processes.

War takes place when some men desire it, and others, seeing the need for change, realise that that change cannot be made peacefully. This is, of course, the dilemma of the pacifist. He must either tolerate injustice or abandon his pacifism. In either case he discredits his ideals. The dilemma disappears with the creation of a democratically constituted world legislature in the framework of which he can work to have the changes he desires made peacefully.

House of Commons. HENRY USBORNE

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SILVER IMPERIALISM

SIR,—May I correct two mistakes in my article last week on the Zionist Congress? In the first place, by a printer's error the contributions of American Jewry in 1946 were given as £25,000,000,000. The figure should of course be £25,000,000.

The second correction is more serious. The voting figures now available for analysis reveal that I gravely over-estimated the American support for Rabbi Silver. Twenty-eight representatives of the women's organisation Hadassah and twenty-nine representatives of the American Jewish Labour movement voted against Rabbi Silver and with the Palestinian labour leaders and Commonwealth bloc. Five of his own general Zionist party, headed by Rabbi Wise, also opposed him. The defeat of the motion to attend the London conference was only possible because Rabbi Silver had the support of 55 Mizrachi representatives and forty-one Revisionists from all countries, including America. The Mizrachi is the organisation of religious Zionists who oppose partition on principle. The Revisionists are the Right-wing nationalists who have been the most vociferous advocates of resistance to Britain.

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BOOKS

The vote therefore indicated a split running right through the Zionist movement. Rabbi Silver led the anti-British right-wing. But the Jewish Labour Parties of all countries, including America, loyally supported the Palestinian leaders who are in favour of partition and entry to the London conference. The General Zionists were divided. Nearly all the Americans voted for Silver, whereas those of the Commonwealth were overwhelmingly against him.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

MR. ATTLEE AND RUSSIA

Sir,—No words would suffice to bridge the gap between Mr. Parker's sympathetic appraisal of Mr. Pritt's visit to Russia, and my own views on the matter. Mr. Parker believes that what he calls the "success" of Mr. Pritt's visit was simply due to the fact that the visit was "private and unofficial," and that Mr. Pritt has found "a more effective means of stimulating Soviet interest in English life." I believe that the welcome given to Mr. Pritt and his fellow-travelling friends was the natural consequence of their pro-Soviet political activities. What else could one expect?

I was fascinated by Mr. Parker's smooth explanation of the fact that the ordinary Russian is largely cut off from knowledge of the outside world. "The Soviet authorities," he tells us, "have deliberately chosen to broaden the ordinary citizen's knowledge of the world by first preparing specialists." In short, the Russians may not learn about England by talking freely to Englishmen or having free access to English books and newspapers—they may learn about it only after the information has been carefully pre-digested and rendered politically harmless. Never have I known a totalitarian black-out of knowledge explained away in a more gentlemanly fashion! Doesn't this go far to bear out what Mr. Attlee said—"the Russian people are kept in the dark?"

Whether the two ladies who visited Georgia were "arrested" or not is a matter purely of terminology. They were compulsorily detained and questioned for several hours. I made no suggestion that they were ill-treated—after all, foreigners who travel alone in Russia must be prepared for that sort of thing to happen. As for their Moscow girl-friend, Mr. Parker—at second-hand—says she didn't disappear. I—also at second-hand—said she did disappear. One of us was presumably misinformed. I certainly have no desire to manufacture a case against the Soviet authorities. Apart from anything else, there is no need. Even the apologist Mr. Parker would hardly deny that many Russians have disappeared through being too friendly with foreigners. A particular fact is in question, but not a principle.

It is, indeed, some time since I was in Russia, and I fear it may be even longer before I return there. I am sorry about this, because I do not enjoy second-hand reporting, or the recounting of "travellers' tales." But if significant facts are not reported at first-hand by those entrusted with the duty, someone must ventilate them. I would have thought myself that a demonstration boycott by the Russians of a *British Ally* reception—which, since Mr. Parker does not question my account, is evidently no inaccurate "traveller's tale"—would have had some little news value, if only as an indication of the Soviet attitude at a crucial stage of relations. Did Mr. Parker's paper have an opportunity to give its readers this information? As far as I can see, the incident went entirely unreported in Britain—indeed, unlike Mr. Parker's letter to you, Sir, I doubt if it would have been allowed to leave Russia. Since all correspondents in the U.S.S.R. are prevented—by censorship or by inclination—from covering the news fully and objectively, the choice in many matters seems to be between second-hand reporting or none at all. I still think that honest second-hand reporting is less undignified and more useful than shackled partisanship.

11 North Square, N.W.11. PAUL WINTERTON

ALIENS

Sir,—It is noted from your issue of December 14th that refugee lawyers are making inquiries regarding their reinstatement in the legal service in Germany.

We should like to inform you that our Association is in contact with the competent divisions of the Control Office for Germany and Austria, Norfolk House, St. James's Square, S.W.1, and with the competent Allied authorities in Germany. Among others we are forwarding applications of refugee lawyers who want to be appointed as Judges or Public Prosecutors, or to be readmitted to the bar. Further details can be obtained at any time from the undersigned.

DR. B. MOSHEIM

Association of Democratic Lawyers from Germany, 16 Elgin Court, W.9.

PARCELS TO GERMANY

Sir,—In view of the fact that a restricted parcel post to the whole of Germany (including the Russian Zone and all Berlin) is opening on January 15th, labels for parcels of food, second-hand clothing and medicines to particular individuals in Germany will not be issued by "Save Europe Now" from Monday, January 13th next.

Those wishing to send food parcels to any European country (including Germany) for general relief should continue to send through "Save Europe Now" and should write for instructions to 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, but anyone wishing to send a parcel of rationed food (up to 7lbs. in weight) or of clothes and medicines, including cod-liver oil, halibut oil and vitamin extracts (up to 11 lbs. in weight) to a particular individual in any zone of Germany or in any sector of Berlin, should apply to the Post Office for instructions on or after January 15th. People, however, who before that date have already received labels from "Save Europe Now" should proceed according to the instructions sent with the label.

Please note that parcels of books, stationery, educational commodities for children and mending materials for particular individuals in Germany must still be sent through "Save Europe Now." Such parcels can only be sent to the British, French and American Zones of Germany, excluding Berlin.

"Save Europe Now," PEGGY DUFF
14 Henrietta Street, W.C.2.

MASS-OBSERVATION

Sir,—Mass-Observation was first launched on an unexpectant world in a letter to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION just ten years ago. The small group of your readers who originally offered to help Mass-Observation has, in the past decade, expanded into an appreciable organisation, exercising its influence in several fields. We have published 15 books and have five more in the press. With the active assistance of voluntary observers augmenting our whole-time staff we have done social research for more than 100 organisations, and have built up a unique sociological library of human documents and mass information which will yield increasingly fruitful results.

Unfortunately, companions in the original launching of M.O., Charles Madge and Humphrey Jennings, are now otherwise engaged. Fortunately, we still have a *corps élite* of the original voluntary observers. We are now in a position considerably to expand our voluntary network. Naturally our first and proper instinct is to seek more readers of your journal.

Anyone is eligible to be a voluntary observer. Each month you receive a bulletin of results, and subjects for observation or documentation in the month ahead. Recent subjects have included reading habits, juvenile delinquency, tea and coffee drinking, married life, foreign affairs, the Closed Shop, the Christmas spirit. Some observers also keep a daily diary for us.

We should be glad to send particulars to all who may be interested, and their co-operation will be deeply appreciated.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

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The life of Neville Chamberlain, from his triumphant return from Munich to his lingering death just two years later is a theme for a modern Sophocles. If he had died in 1934, only the student of politics would have remembered him. He would have been rated far below Lord Birkenhead, alongside such Conservative worthies as Bonar Law and Hailsham. It is the drama of his Premiership that makes him historically noteworthy; and the task of biography is to illuminate those three years by a study of the sixty-seven which preceded them. What gave this elderly and intensely conventional politician his vigour and ruthless self-confidence? What inspired him to discard the principles of traditional British diplomacy and to stake everything on his own personal judgment? What blinded a man of first-rate intellectual capacity and mature political judgment to realities which lesser men saw clearly enough? Finally, what enabled him to retain his hold over his Party and the House of Commons until his policy had brought the country to the verge of defeat?

Unfortunately, Professor Feiling* believes that it is his pious duty not to answer questions but to make apologies. By portraying Chamberlain as a great British statesman in the tradition of Canning, he misses the real elements of tragedy and so loses the sympathy which he seeks to win. To make matters worse, this strange piece of political hagiography is abominably written. Neville Chamberlain was always lucid and matter-of-fact. It was no service to his memory to compile a biography in a jargon more offensive because more pretentious than straight journalese.

Here are some random samples. Professor Feiling tells the story of a trip to Egypt:—

> As always, he laughed easily at simple broad effects, an Arab's pidgeon English or Jessie Collings on his donkey christened "Rameses the Great"; too impatiently he wrote down as fools persons who chattered or did not interest him. "Pining for news of Highbury," he put down, this "very shy youth" on whom he afterwards looked back.
>
> But 1890 did not run out without a stroke which showed "there was a hard core in me" and cut away the covering of timidity, not wholly but that part he faced the world with, for good and all.

Professor Feiling explains the clash of personalities in the first Baldwin Government.

> Conservative annals are never intelligible unless it is recognised that the leaders skirmish far ahead of the rank and file. Within the Cabinet the die-hard element might be reduced, after Cave's death to Salisbury and Ronald McNeill, who had succeeded Robert Cecil, not forgetting, however, that, as it is a temperament rather than a philosophy, on any particular theme it might strike some combative chord in, let us say, Churchill or Joynson-Hicks.

And here Professor Feiling rises to his climax.

> Part of the price he was to pay that very day, the price which not he alone but a whole generation had incurred, and in due course, since he stood foremost in the breach, was to pay more. Whether it was necessary to pay it, let not our still uninformed judgment undertake boldly to say, but whether he was a man armed to do battle with Hitler is fit for discussion here.

Still, *Neville Chamberlain* must be read, if only because it contains much that was hitherto unpublished. Both in his copious diaries and in his weekly letters to his sisters, Chamberlain discussed politics with complete frankness. Unfortunately, Professor Feiling so summarises or condenses that the reader often has the feeling that more is being concealed than revealed. But enough can be extracted by a careful reading of these pages to form some assessment of the causes and the motives of the Munich tragedy.

Chamberlain's failure has often been put down to ignorance or even stupidity. Both these charges are untrue. His record, as Minister of Health and as Chancellor of the Exchequer, shows that he was an able man with excellent administrative capacity. He was also well read, both in French and English literature, though we observe that Flaubert stirred his "native amazement at the harm done by emotion." His favourite English authors were Jane Austen, Samuel Butler, Henry James and Conrad. He knew Shakespeare well enough to argue learnedly with Professor Dover Wilson, and Sir Hugh Allen stated that "he knew Beethoven better than any except a very few professionals." His chief intellectual influence was Charles Darwin, from whom he learnt scientific method, and under whose inspiration he became an ardent naturalist. His diaries are crammed full of appreciative comments on art and nature, accurately phrased, but—and here we come near to the flaw in his personality—recorded without a single original turn of phrase. His life indeed is yet another proof that genius does not consist in an infinite capacity for taking pains. Chamberlain was infinitely industrious and energetic whether in public life or in his private interests. He was more cultured and more widely travelled than most of his colleagues—and far abler. But he combined intellectual and physical energy with a complete lack of imagination and of humour. This is what made him invaluable in secondary positions and really dangerous when he reached the top. Conscientious, ambitious and blind—with a blindness of which only a first-rate intellect is capable—he could push aside or ride down men of greater talent but less industry. How illuminating is this incident recorded in his diary:—

> "1st Nov. 1925. I had noticed once or twice that Stanley Baldwin didn't seem to be attending to me, and presently he passed an open note across the table to Winston who was sitting beside me. On the note was written
>
> MATCHES
> lent at 10.30 a.m.
> Returned?
>
> This triviality, while a very grave question was being discussed under S.B.'s chairmanship, made the most deplorable impression on me."

The secret of his arrogance was a lifetime of frustration. As a boy he had been unhappy at Rugby and forbidden to go to the University which might have broadened his mind. It was Austen who was destined to carry the family honours, though his father had once observed that "if it had been Neville he would have backed him to be Prime Minister for a certainty, as he considered him to be the abler of the two; but then Neville was not interested in politics." So while Austen served in Parliament and mixed in London society, Neville was ordered by his father to restore the family fortune by growing sisal on the lonely island of Andros in the Bahamas. After five years he returned, having lost the whole investment of £50,000. Later he maintained that Andros had made him. Certainly it still further stiffened his dislike of the world outside the charmed Chamberlain circle and his sense of rivalry with Austen.

Determined to redeem his failure, he went into business and lived alone in one room of his father's mansion at Highbury while Austen continued his effortless career in London. He was the Chamberlain for whom the provinces were scope enough—at least in Joe's view and Austen's. But Lloyd George's cruel remark, "a good Lord Mayor in a lean year" is quite unjust. He was an outstanding mayor, founding the Municipal Orchestra and the Municipal Bank and becoming an early supporter of Town Planning and Municipal Housing.

Despite Professor Feiling's reticence, it is fairly clear that he was not merely resentful of Austen's easy success, but increasingly aware that his elder brother, seduced first by the die-hards and then by Lloyd George, had deviated from the strict Chamberlain faith. With his business and municipal experience behind him he felt confident that he could make good this failure. At the age of forty-seven it looked as though his call had at last come. Lloyd George, who had never met him, but knew of his iron hold on the Birmingham political machine and his popularity even with organised Labour, invited him to become the first Minister of National Service. But at their first interview, the Premier took a dislike to his new Minister for "having the wrong-shaped head." After a few months Chamberlain was ignominiously dismissed and wrote in his diary, "my career is broken."

This second failure merely added rancour to his ambition. Elected at the age of fifty-two in the coupon election, he set himself to fashion a new party that would master the die-hards, dish Lloyd George, for whom he now had an implacable hatred, and smash the rising Labour Party. Conservatism, with one foot in the City and the other in the Counties, was incapable, he realised, of fulfilling the Chamberlain mission or serving the needs of Birmingham. It was his task to create a National Party which would do both. Despite Austen, he played a leading part in the overthrow of Lloyd George, and became Minister of Health under Baldwin, whose deficiencies he could forgive "because he was also a business man."

In the ten years from 1923 and 1933 he accomplished everything which he set out to do. He smashed the Liberal Party and was "the constructive engineer" of the National Government. He carried through the reform of Local Government, de-rating, the establishment of the U.A.B., and, above all, the introduction of Protection and Imperial Preference. Having accomplished everything of which he was capable and so redeemed the failures of youth and middle age, he had reached, if only he had known it, the climax of his career. In April, 1933, he recorded in his diary: "After all, most of what I have worked for has been done, and now the chief task is to keep the ship steady on its course."

This chance remark is revealing. For Chamberlain the Britain of 1933 was the promised land, a land where Socialism had been smashed, a land of protection, rising prices and controlled output, a land where the Chamberlain mission has been fulfilled by the formation of a Government for the businessman, of the businessman and by the businessman. True, there were nearly three million unemployed. He was not a die-hard who blamed them for being out of work, but a Chamberlain who would dispose humanely of those who must be permanently workless for the common good.

> I conceive that the Commissioners might be intrusted with the duty of providing some interest in life for the large number of men *who are never likely to get work* . . They must be given organised recreation, physical exercises and, where possible, a bit of ground.

This in his view was the price which Britain must pay for the new dispensation.

But though he had achieved the Chamberlain programme, he was still a frustrated man. Since 1923, under the amiable incompetence of Baldwin and later of Ramsay Macdonald, he had watched his clear-cut policies compromised to conciliate the die-hards and Socialists whom he despised. After 1933 he saw the revival of British

* *Neville Chamberlain.* By Keith Feiling. *Macmillan*, 25s.

industry, which he had engineered, increasingly disturbed by international politics. He knew with absolute certainty that he was destined to bring the necessary realism into this welter of mistrust and sentimentality. He would apply in foreign affairs the principles on which his domestic triumphs had been based.

This, then, was the British Premier who faced Hitler at Munich: a man frustrated in his family circle and frustrated again in his political ambition until very late in life; an able politician but with so little imagination that he could suffer gladly neither fools nor wise men but only subalterns; a Chamberlain equally contemptuous of the Tory and of the Socialist traditions.

Though he let himself be deceived into a false optimism by letters from Austen's widow in Italy, or by the plaudits of the press barons, he knew that the chances of success for his policy were very slight. But as long as there was any chance at all, he pursued it. He willed appeasement as single-mindedly as Churchill willed victory in 1940—and for the same reason, because he believed that there was no tolerable alternative. Failure would mean not merely the loss of personal honour but the ruin of everything for which he stood. Munich was the Battle of *his* Britain.

To achieve his aim he was, as always, ruthless. He fought all his old enemies, the Socialists, the Liberals and the die-hards with a new ferocity. For him every opponent of appeasement was a traitor to the sacred cause. If he was lonely, he had Halifax and the Archbishop of Canterbury to give him Christian comfort, as well as the solid support of the Conservative Party. Not for nothing had he studied the techniques of party discipline. In the critical period the back benchers remained loyal when every man of talent was against their leader.

But what gave him this blind self-confidence? Chamberlain saw that the National Government and all it stood for would be destroyed by a war. It was not defeat he feared—as an Englishman he assumed that to be impossible—but a victory, of which the only beneficiaries would be Labour and, abroad, Soviet Russia. Churchill, Duff Cooper and Eden were old-fashioned enough to disregard such considerations. Their families had survived many social revolutions. But for Neville Chamberlain England was Birmingham business. He had saved it from financial disaster in 1931; now he must save it from the infinitely greater disaster of being forced to win a total war. It is true that he was active in rearmament. In 1935 he wanted to make it the election issue, but the wily Baldwin overruled him. Yet he fought against any rearmament which could adversely affect British exports and British credit. So, too, he was willing to have an Air Force but not an army which could fight a Continental war. His policy was armed isolation until the storm had passed or broken in the East.

A politician becomes a statesman if at a moment of crisis he can rise above party. Churchill, to save the country, jettisoned Conservative principles; Chamberlain in his futile search for appeasement was utterly true to the party to which he had devoted his public life. If he came to believe himself indispensable, if he was dictatorial and indignant of opposition, if he preferred weak men around him and was a poor judge of persons, these are all failings which he shared with his successor. They are almost inseparable from supreme responsibility, and are therefore not counts in the final indictment. That indictment is that his mind could not grasp the true greatness of his own country or the nature of the forces against which it was contending. He conscientiously decided to sacrifice the imperishable values of European civilisation in order to defend the business community based on artificial scarcity, which he conceived to be Britain's highest good.

In his conclusion Professor Feiling writes:

> For a short time, measured by the long scale of history, the standards by which he marched have been cast down and trampled on by brute force. But they will be raised again.

No words could be further from the truth. What the war has finally destroyed are the Chamberlain standards. They perished, as he foresaw that they would perish. Ruthless in the last resort, even with himself, he spoke his own epitaph. "Everything that I have worked for, everything that I have hoped for, everything that I have believed in during my public life, has crashed into ruins."

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A LIFE OF GODWIN

William Godwin. By GEORGE WOODCOCK. With a foreword by HERBERT READ. *The Porcupine Press.* 15s.

Why, in the reaction that followed the French Revolution, was William Godwin buried in oblivion? His contemporaries feared him. He had undermined every institution they valued, from the monarchy to eternal punishment. But how are we to explain the neglect that has befallen him in the century and a decade that have elapsed since his death? Part of the answer is that he has been the victim of the orgy of gossip and controversy that raged round Shelley's second marriage. Shelley's admirers and Shelley's detractors, the Left as well as the Right, have united in holding up to odium the old man who sponged in his last years on the poet. It is possible to make a partially successful defence of his conduct, and in this welcome biographical study Mr. Woodcock does it well. If Godwin accepted large sums of money from a seemingly wealthy young man who looked up to him as his venerated teacher and the source of all his ideas about life, this behaviour was at any rate consistent. From his earliest manhood Godwin's view of property was that justice assigns its destination to everything we possess; it belongs of right to him who needs it most. On this communistic theory he had always acted himself: even in his years of struggle in Grub Street he gave away the little he earned with untiring generosity. But what if the old man, under the pressure of poverty and obloquy, did degenerate painfully in his last years, must that wipe out the record of a long life of singular courage and disinterested toil? With all his faults Godwin could win the love of a Mary Wollstonecraft and the warm friendship of Lamb and Coleridge. Even in his last years Bulwer Lytton was among his admirers.

Godwin's claim to immortality rests, however, on something less controversial than our estimate of his character. He wrote two of the most remarkable books of his age and he was, on the progressive side, the chief formative influence of the period that produced first Coleridge and Wordsworth and then Shelley. Until the reaction triumphed, the young intellectuals of this generation thought and talked and wrote with *Political Justice* as their model. As for Shelley, most of his longer poems, from the *Queen Mab* of his adolescence down to the last chorus of *Hellas*, are echoes of Godwinian doctrine. He could no more have written *Prometheus Unbound* without the inspiration of *Political Justice*, than Milton could have written *Paradise Lost* without the Bible. *Caleb Williams* must have had an even wider influence, and to this day in spite of its glaring faults one cannot read it unmoved. Forgotten though it is, it ranks high among the novels of the romantic age.

Godwin was the master of a powerful periodic style and he could enliven the theoretic pages of *Political Justice* with vivid illustrations, so that even "the fair reader" of those days did not find him too heavy—though there were chapters of his masterpiece which he advised her to skip. It is the only book in English that adequately reflects all the debates of "the Enlightenment" about the nature of man and society. It rejects Montesquieu's theory, that climate determines the character of peoples and their laws, and argues that it is "education," meaning our whole social environment, which makes us what we are. If we could by the power of reason end or reform "positive institutions," meaning Church and State, we should shed our corruptions and rise to our full human stature. Much of the book is an echo of the French philosophers from Helvétius to Condorcet, but the whole synthesis is none the less original, for it is the first statement, rounded, complete and logical, of anarchist-communism. Everything that Tolstoy was to say, a century later, had been written before him by Godwin, with less dogmatism and a firmer argumentative texture.

To this day one may doubt whether certain of the fundamental beliefs of the humane rationalist have ever been better argued than in this seminal book—for instance, the case against punishment in the proper sense of that word. So far in advance of his time were Godwin's views on education, that one might fairly say that he anticipated the Dalton method. Not the least of his merits is the intellectual integrity which led him to draw the last conclusions from his premises, undeterred by any sense of humour. When he marvelled that any self-respecting man could consent to play concerted music, his alerter readers must have turned back to question his individualistic starting-point and his extravagant rationalism also. He was a brilliant analytic thinker—as, for example, in his destructive discussion of the social contract, and of natural right. But the most fascinating of his achievements is the dialectical process that led him from individualism to "universal benevolence" and a communistic view of property.

This preface may serve to introduce Mr. Woodcock's biography, which breaks the long silence about Godwin. Since the indispensable source-book by Kegan Paul, there is only one other life of him in existence, the elaborate but rather colourless biography by Prof. Ford K. Brown. But neither of these authors paid adequate attention to Godwin's ideas. Mr. Woodcock, while giving all one need know about the events and circumstances of his life, with many quotations from his letters and from those of his friends, has described at length the evolution of his ideas. *Political Justice* is to be found only in old libraries, and many readers will be grateful to Mr. Woodcock, because he has given a full summary of it, enriched by many extracts. The pleasantest pages in this very readable record are the letters of Lamb and Coleridge. The successive steps by which Godwin modified some of his more extravagant ideas about the family, marriage and universal benevolence are carefully traced: So too is Shelley's intellectual debt to Godwin.

More fully than anyone else, Mr. Woodcock dwells on the influence of Godwin on Robert Owen. At no time of his life was Owen a reader, and it would be hard to produce any external evidence to prove that he had ever read *Political Justice*. None the less, long before he met its author, he constantly reproduces both its ideas and its phraseology, as if he were steeped in it. One must add the caution, however, that Owen believed in co-operation and Godwin disliked it. That there certainly were close intellectual links between these two is curious, for Owen was the first man who fully understood the meaning of the industrial revolution, while Godwin never so much as realised that it presented a problem. Like Proudhon, the thinker who resembles him most closely, Godwin belonged to the age of the craftsman.

To a friendly portrait of a rather puzzling character, Mr. Woodcock has added an understanding exposition of Godwin's doctrines, which is all the more successful because his own view of life and society is evidently not far removed from Godwin's. It is to be hoped that the appearance of this biography may suggest to some ambitious publisher that it is high time, after the lapse of a century and a half, to issue new editions of *Political Justice* and *Caleb Williams*. "Everyman's Library" can find room for Malthus's dreary essay, in two volumes. Was it Godwin's offence that he flattered human nature unduly and painted too rosy a picture of man's future on this earth?

H. N. BRAILSFORD

THE STRUGGLE FOR SPICES

In Quest of Spices. By SONIA E. HOWE. *Jenkins.* 15s.

"By what waies from age to age the spiceries and drugs and riches of the East were conveied into the West": these words of Hakluyt sum up Miss Howe's theme. What oil is to the modern world spices were to the economy of medieval Europe, and by the beginning of the sixteenth century the struggle for spices had become as intensive as the struggle for oil to-day. "Life in the Orient," says Miss Howe, somewhat picturesquely, "cannot be imagined without these delightful gifts of nature. Love, life, death, beauty and voluptuousness, worship, joy and sorrow, all required for their outward expression perfumes and spices, precious ointments, frankincense and jewels." As far as medieval Europe is concerned, the truth is rather more mundane: in a world which quite literally stank and which knew little of the art of conserving foodstuffs, spices were a necessity; they were a safeguard to the nostrils against the smells that assailed them on every side, and they rendered palatable, even when they did not preserve, meat which otherwise would have been too offensive to eat. But spices came into Europe from almost inconceivably afar, so far that the men of the middle ages were not being outrageously fanciful when they said they came from Paradise, borne thence on the four rivers of the Ganges, Euphrates, Tigris and Nile. The sources of some spices, indeed, were even more remote than these rivers; until the end of the eighteenth century the Moluccas were the sole fountain-head of cloves and nutmegs. How they spread from there to Mauritius, French Guiana and the West Indian Islands, how the French botanist who rejoiced in the ironically appropriate name of Le Poivre broke the Dutch monopoly by kidnapping cuttings and live nuts from Amboyna, are among the many stories narrated by Miss Howe.

In Quest of Spices is scarcely a work of scholarship, and it is not well written; but much out-of-the-way learning has gone to its making, and if the learning appears to have been flung on to paper pell-mell that merely gives the book the fascination that so often attends the disorderly and confused, family lumber rooms, second-hand book stalls, or the stalls of the Caledonian Market. Among much that is familiar one does not have long to rummage before finding something that is new and of interest. Then, for the English reader, the book has the added attraction that the great English seamen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are not in the middle of the picture. The book appeared first of all in French and it is fair to say that Miss Howe writes of the great age of discoveries from a continental rather than a severely English point of view. The result is, one's insular vision is corrected; one sees the Elizabethan voyagers for what they were, the belated followers of the Portuguese, the Spaniards and the French, forced to the North-West because the known routes to the spice islands had already been occupied by the adventurers of other countries. Of these it is the Portuguese on whom, rightly, Miss Howe places most emphasis, since, if it could be maintained that there was an onlie begetter of the great exploratory voyages of the Renascence it would be Prince Henry the Navigator one would name. But Henry—who himself sailed no farther than Morocco—and his compatriots were seeking not only the spice islands but also the land of Prester John, which was placed impartially in Africa and in Asia. On the Prester John legend Miss Howe is fascinating; she traces its development from the twelfth century, when Bishop Christian of Mayence, for what reason it is now futile to speculate, forged a letter as from Prester John and sent it to the Emperor of Byzantium, to 1490, when the Portuguese Pedro de Covilham, having wandered overland as far as the Malabar coast, actually presented himself to the Emperor of Abyssinia.

The Portuguese, one thinks, were the first of the powers to take to the sea. As Miss Howe shows, this is not quite true. In 1365, fifty years before Prince Henry's sea captains set sail for Guinea, ships from Dieppe had been there, bringing back with them pepper as good as that from India. Indeed, the French, who were without royal backing, were inspired entirely by motives of free enterprise, and took good care to keep their discoveries secret, had agencies at various points along the coast of Guinea and up the Gambia and Senegal Rivers, Little Dieppe and Little Paris being the most important. Later, the French were to sail farther afield, to India and the spice islands themselves. Of these later French seamen none is more attractive than Jean Parmentier, who sailed for Sumatra in 1529. A poet as well as navigator, he translated Sallust's *Jugurtha* during the course of the voyage and sought to raise the spirits of his crew, when depressed by scurvy, by reciting to them a poem of his own composition "on the marvellous works of God and the dignity of man." His was also an ardent missionary spirit. Upon learning that the Chief Mufti of the Maldive Islands believed in Adam and knew of Christ, he began to instruct him in the doctrines of Christianity, to the consternation of the interpreter: "That the Word was made flesh and was incarnate in a Virgin by the Holy Ghost, and how the Son was begotten by the Father, just as the word is engendered in the heart and thought of man" was too much for his knowledge of Malay, "whereupon," as he reports, "conversation was turned to other subjects."

On the later stages of the spice trade, the development of The East India Company, for instance, Miss Howe is sketchy. The value of the book is as an anthology of little-known facts and anecdotes, revealing how, to quote the charming seventeenth century doggerel with which she heads one chapter:

> The European Traveller with experienc'd keyes
> Open'd the Gate to his Discoveries,
> Showing the essential species of Commerce,
> The very hinges to the universe.

The book is lavishly illustrated—over-lavishly in fact, since the plates of Long Island in 1661 and New York in 1665 have nothing to do with the text.

WALTER ALLEN

COUNTRY LIFE

A Norfolk Notebook. By LILIAS RIDER HAGGARD. *Faber and Faber.* 8s. 6d.

The Web of the Year. By C. M. MASON. *Hutchinson.* 9s.

Brensham Village. By JOHN MOORE. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

Pleasures Without Change. By JOHN WACHER. With scraper board drawings by JAMES LUCAS. *Sylvan Press.* 21s.

Two agreeable books; one book with considerably more muscularity in it; and one book which saddens me.

Agreeable books: Miss Rider Haggard's *Norfolk Notebook*. Oh, how emollient are these country records! Would it be ungracious to complain that they are now multiplying in such numbers as to suggest a ten-year moratorium? This is not intended to cast any real aspersion on Miss Rider Haggard, whose notebook is so very much better than most. Better, because so sturdy. The author (whose ancestry was quarried in *King Solomon's Mines*) lives, according to internal evidence, surrounded by a large family of whom we are told nothing but their Christian

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names—Barbara, Geoffrey, Hugh, Reggie, John, Kitty, Nada, Junga, Henta, Ethel, Margaret. This is on the assumption that they are all related; but of course some of them may be merely friends. They are a lively crowd, interested in many things besides sailing, dogs, and women's institutes: "Five of us sitting round the fire in the evening," writes Miss Rider Haggard, "were talking of the gap which yawns between one generation and another;" and again: "Four of us had a spirited argument over the breakfast table," about a book this time. Clearly, people one would be happy to know. The author herself, thoughtful, observant, and imaginative in the way that all true nature-lovers are imaginative, is in many ways a character after my own heart: her views on the C.P.R.E. for instance, and on climbing roses (with the exception of American Pillar) and on many other subjects are twin to mine. All this prejudices me strongly in favour of her *Notebook*, and makes me wish that there were not so many competitors in her field. She ought to stand alone as a modern Dorothy Wordsworth.

A band round the wrapper informs me that *The Web of the Year* has found favour as the "selection" of the judges in the £10,000 United Nations Literary Competition. Whether this means that it has won £10,000 outright, or is one amongst several prize-winners, I cannot tell; but in either case it must be very gratifying to the author, and in either case it is no matter for surprise. This tissue of sweet platitudes was a safe recommendation; 95 per cent. of Everyman's cup of tea. Tea, indeed, might stand as the *leit-motiv*, almost a *phrase de Vinteuil*: for even when tea as a meal is not being described, the whole climate of the book is conditioned by a warm little, brown little, earthenware pot waiting on the author's writing-table; he can clasp cold fingers round it, and restore them to their tepidity; and, if necessary, can put the tea-cosy over his ink-well. There is nothing here that could possibly offend. Even honey comes within the novelette area, where heroines snuggle their faces into the manly reek of Harris tweed:

> . . . the dark, strong honey with the heather flavour, like the smell of pipe tobacco. It always seems to resemble the taste of an old tweed coat.

And then the firelit room:

> The room is very quiet, waiting. . . . The ceiling is a pool of gentle radiance from the fire, and there is a warm dusk over all. It is a friendly room, softened and mellowed by years and by the warm occupants who have lived there. . . . Almost, one can visualise the people who have occupied these chairs for so many years; Father in the wooden arm-chair, Mother in the rocker, the children scattered about on the settle and the other chairs, and the old people in the two high-backed ones.

A warm dusk, indeed; too warm, far too warm. If I have learnt anything from this book, it is never, never, to write country notes again.

Brensham Village, by John Moore, is not pitched at all in this key. It is a virile book; virile in the best sense of the word, entirely lacking that wistful, yearning note which suggests too many lumps of sugar or tablets of saccharine. It is a strong, real book; funny at times with a sense of true comedy, compassionate at times with an understanding of touching, eccentric characters; fantastic at times with an appreciation of the fantastic figures still to be found in every English village. I liked this book. I liked it very much; and should wish to commend it to the attention of all readers who can enjoy a picture of village life, drawn with humour never facetious, emotion never embarrassing, and written by someone with a gift for selection, who knows effectively and unostentatiously how to write.

How very different is Mr. Moore's civilised book from the last book on my list, Mr. John Wacher's *Pleasures Without Change*. Mr. Moore is virile enough to please anybody, but perhaps two quotations will serve to demonstrate the variation in their attitude. Mr. Moore is here quoting one of his odd characters, the local vicar who sometimes borrowed a catapult from a village boy, and quotes him with evident approbation: "I deplore bloodsports," he said, "but you can scarcely call it a bloodsport if you never hit anything." Now listen to Mr. Wacher whose pleasures never change. He is speaking of a hind being hunted on Exmoor:

> The artful old devil, she must have taken a standing jump right into the heart of those briars, hoping that hounds would not face the prickles and over-run her. What a lovely crash of music as they hustled her out, and that leading hound nearly had her by the throat, too. . . . I fancy Sidney is pretty certain she has shot her bolt, though not her cunning, so he is drawing the pool with the whole pack . . . in case she is lying doggo in deep water with only her nostrils showing. . . . There she goes out of it in a welter of hounds . . . and now they are pulling her down on the verge. That is the *Morte* he is sounding on the horn; a relic of the chase of olden times.

This is taken from the book which so saddens me. It saddens me for two reasons: partly because this symbolic *Morte* is by no means relegated to "olden times"; and partly because Mr. Wacher is so obviously, if you read the whole of his book, a decent and kindly man. He is just one of those illogically-thinking Englishmen who manage to reconcile a true love and respect for animals with such savagery as can reflect itself in phrases like "she is lying doggo with only her nostrils showing." Poor exhausted hind! previously addressed by Mr. Wacher as an artful old devil. What would Mr. Wacher feel, if he were lying doggo in water with only his nostrils showing? This is an anthropomorphic question which Mr. Wacher and his brother sportsmen will probably not care to answer, and which reminds one only too significantly of the "Good Hunting" spirit expressed not so very long ago in certain Orders of the Day.

V. SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 881

Set by William Whitebait

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of not more than sixteen lines in the manner of Pope celebrating a Test Match as an occasion of friendship and good will between two peoples. Entries should be received not later than January 21st.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 878

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for a poem of 16 lines in the Betjeman manner on indoor sports: from family bridge to family hymn-singing and shove-ha'penny to jiving.

Report by G. W. Stonier

The Betjeman manner is not easily sustained: take the satire and you leave the warmth, exaggerate the wistfulness and goodbye to fun and games. There are, too, the subtleties of diction and taste that seem to blend the mezzotint with the advertisement. But if comparatively few entries got the tone exactly, many approximated amusingly. First I shall print the best of the near-misses; then the winners. Hal Juddon produced an admirable first verse and divides a First Prize of Four Guineas with T. St. G. Second prizes of a guinea each to O. M. F. and J. S. D.

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HIGHBROW JINKS

Get you gone with lowbrow revels:
Blind man's buff and tiddley-winks.
In this cultured house they toy with
Cerebrally higher jinks.

Round the fire with pad and pencil
See their concentrated frowns
As they dash off witty limericks,
Think up new collective nouns.

John, inspired by draughts of cocoa,
Spouts impromptu clerihews:
Eager Jane takes up the challenge
Parodying Hopkins' muse.

I, unnoticed in my corner,
Hear them plan their Christmas play:
"Bentley, Bentley after dinner!
Betjeman for Boxing Day!"

ALLAN M. LAING

FAMILY HYMNS AT TOOTING BEC

Now the Sunday tea is ended, grace is said for toast and jam,
And the evening hymn is blended with the music of a tram;
Mrs. Higgins with her hanky wipes her spectacles to peer
At the works of Mr. Sankey from the walnut chiffonier.

Passing pagans pause and wonder at the air of *Ratisbon*,
Deep the bass and loud the thunder (Torrance's *Euroclydon*);
But the tram that never heeds them could not take them where they play—
Frances Alexander leads them to a green hill far away.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Snug in the scullery lurks my Miranda,
Next to an Anglican youth in his teens,
Fingers are locked in a Gothic enlacement—
God's in his Heaven, they're playing Sardines.

Soon they will vote for a session of Murderers,
Couples will click and a corpse will appear;
Look in the dining-room—yes, it's your uncle,
Hanging head-first from the low chandelier.

What are they doing, meanwhile, in the nursery?
(Winking? You mustn't—well, some other day)
Nannie says Paul was a little too cursory,
Gathering nuts and embarrassing May.

Oh, we've forgotten the Colonel, and Clara—
They're in the cupboard that's under the stairs—
Tell them the pleasant young Wykehamist curate
Is taking a roll-call for Musical Chairs.

J. R. TILL

FIRST PRIZE

O flat was the road to St. Edderby's Hall
As we pedalled together along the sea wall
Roman the vicar, spartan the grub,
Delectable, catholic, playreading club.

O flat were the lines of Marlovian thunder
Rise up to the rafters each painstaking blunder
And patient the vicar awaiting catharsis,
Blinking sublimely through bi-focal glasses.

O flat were the bottles of synthetic water
Brought down in her car by the General's daughter
And boom in the belfry the bell chiming ten
And the clock on the mantelpiece tinkling amen.

O flat was the chat with the curate on stamps
As we pumped up our tyres and adjusted the lamps
And cheerioh the vicar, and cheeri-bye to all,
As we pedalled together along the sea wall.

HAL JUDDON.

O gleaming are the pavements, O dripping is the pane!
But cosy, cosy Ivy Dene is sheltered from the rain.
Fred and Cora are there too; they had to miss their hike,
Though Auntie Edie made it to St. Jude's upon her bike.

Never bored, the happy family do not mind the weather.
Mother says it's nice to have them all at home together;
Thinks: "If Ede weren't here we'd have some fortunes in the cards."
No one hears Aunt Gwladys say: "Dumb crambo? or charades?"

O the ludo and the halma played by Derek and Yvonne!
O the cries of "Cheat?" that rise when the glad game's done!
Fred and Cora make a rug to go towards their flat;
Grannie's crochet grows apace; another table mat.

Dad has done his Pools; he'd post them if the rain would stop.
Shirley turns her auto album; views her latest swop—
A Larrie (as King Lear) for Stewart Granger torn but clean,
While the thunder of the Programme Light ennobles Ivy Dene.

T. ST. G.

SECOND PRIZE

OXFORD AFTER TEA

The early sun benighted as the bells give four o'clock,
Rings down a velvet curtain with a sudden daily shock,

Empties the Parks, and chases home to tea and indoor games
The circus that perambulates the banks of Upper Thames.

The blank façade of Beaumont Street regrets its ancient pride,
And blushes for the antics of the sportive types inside.
Do they know but one way only to pass their leisure hours
Mid the dreaming spires of Arnold and the choirboy-hallowed towers?

A gift of fully-fashioned wrung from Elliston & Cavell,
A borrowed 12-inch record of the Sonatine of Ravel,
And a lamp discreetly angle-poised to satisfy the need
Of pseudo-undergraduate eroticism's creed.

Outside, the twilit branches cast their skeletons below,
And windows on the Woodstock Road reflect a western glow;
But even tea and crumpets cannot exorcise my thoughts
Of those extramural students at their intramural sports.

O. M. F.

HEAVENLY HALMA

Now in the halls there is masses of free time,
Where are the games, dear? Just have a squint,
Bring down the Halma and lets play till tea-time,
It's up by the Alma Tadema print.

Where shall we play dear? Now you must guide me,
Out through the billiard-room, into the hall.
You are so bumptiously lovely beside me,
I am so scrumptiously ready to fall.

May and the kiddies are having a sing-song.
Father's asleep on the leather settee.
Cyril and Len are happy at ping-pong—
All of the den is for you and for me.

Heavenly Halma! How I adore it!
You're in the lead, dear, right from the start.
None of your bluffing, you're bound to succeed, dear,
Hopping and huffing right home to my heart.

J. S. D.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 879

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Competitors are invited to submit clerihews on the titles of poems.

Report by Raymond Mortimer

Several of the most eminent clerihewers have unkindly abstained from competing. I have had to reject a masterpiece by Joyce Johnson because it borders on lèse-majesté. I recommend five shillings prize for each clerihew printed.

Some have an aversion
To *The Prelude* and *Excursion :*
They say they're too long.
About *The Prelude* they're wrong.

Now WHO
Could call his passionate verse : *Sonnet composed by the Seaside near Calais Eighteen thirty-two,*
Or *Incident characteristic of a Favourite Dog,*
Or even *Extempore Effusion on the Death of James Hogg ?*
I can't shilly-shally
About *Love in the Valley,*
Nothing could be sickly-sweeter
Than it's horrid, fervent metre. F. C. C.

" Rose," " Evelyn," " Annabel."
Sound like a silver bell ;
But Miss Aylmer, Miss Hope, and Miss Lee
Might be people coming to tea.

When Tennyson wrote " Sir Galahad "
He was nearly driven mad
(As well as saddened)
By hints that he meant " Sir Galahadn't."

Smith minor ranks
" The beautiful lady without thanks."
One of the worst bleats
Of that ass Keats. L. E. J.

Gray had the knowledge
To write On a Distant Prospect of Eton College,
But Wordsworth, never having been to Harrow,
Had to write about Yarrow.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere
Said : " Mother dear,
Call me early.
I want to meet the Lord of Burleigh."
MAURICE CASSEL.

The " Ode to a Skylark "
Seems a bit beside the mark ;
To say it wasn't a bird
Is manifestly absurd. LESLIE EDWARDS.

In Memoriam
Smacks of the crematorium
So does the Morte d'Arthur
Rather. SEBASTIAN.

The Hound of Heaven,
Argued Mr. Bevan,
Proves that but for the homeless
There'd be one good pomeless.
E. V. MILNER.

If Brooke had come from Manchester
Instead of *Grantchester,*
He might not have been so bored
With his holiday abroad. T. ST. GEORGE.
(Address Please.)

The Shropshire Lad
Never went wholly to the bad,
But his life became much less larky
When the King's uniform changed from red to khaki. ANCHORA.

How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix,
Suffering snakes !
What a title for a Clerihew !
Phew ! C. S. COOK.

I recently found
" Trout Leaping in the Arun where a Juggler Was Drowned " ;
This seems even more delicious
Than " On a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Goldfishes." N. P. MEADWAY.

" Auld Lang Syne "
The Scots think extremely fine.
They also take much delight
In " The Cottar's Saturday Night."
ROBERT GAFFIKIN.

Pope,
The Twit'nam Mope
Felt better once he had
Written the Dunciad. H. A. C. EVANS.

We must admit with regret
That the treatment of Annette
By the author of " Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey "
Was shabby. STANLEY FRENCH.

" If "
Bores me stiff
Particularly when framed and hung on the wall
In a palatial hall. GRANVILLE GARLEY.

" ' The Waste Land '
Is simply *grand.*"
I've so often said it,
Though I've never read it. V. JOHNSON.

Sir Francis Bacon
Would have been considerably shaken
To hear
That he'd written King Lear
LIONEL JACKSON.

In *Absalom and Achitophel*
Dryden thought it well
To use the Bible
To hide the libel. C. M. GROSETT.

Auntie thinks " Bishop Blougram "
Very Third Programme ;
But she reads " The White Cliffs of Dover "
Over and over. MYELOS.

I shall never cease
To regret the title of Dowson's piece.
Why did he put that in
Latin ? WILLY TADPOLE.

Coleridge was half-way through *Kubla Khan*
When he was interrupted by a man.
Even so, I doubt
Whether he knew what it was all about.
E. F. WATLING.

When Frances Cornford encountered again
The Fat White Lady Seen From A Train
She very properly apologised
While pointing out that nobody could possibly have foreseen that the work in question would be so grotesquely over-anthologised.
C.F.C.

" A Shropshire Lad "
As names for lyrics on the English yeoman
A Roman
Numeral (I claim with deference)
Is quite inadequate as a reference.
PATRIC STEVENSON.

" The Borough "
By the Webbs would have been more thorough ;
But without the rhymes
Or Peter Grimes. CHARLES BEEKS.

To master " The Testament of Beauty "
Wer no light duty :
In wisdom how compelling !
And then—thatt spelling ! A. R. WATSON.

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Appointments Vacant

L.C.C. Applics. invited for under-mentioned post as Inspector in London Educ. service. In special circumstances a candidate may be appointed at salary above min. of scale:—Staff Inspector: One of seven posts. Appointment at salary of £1,100-£50-£1,150-£75-£1,300 p.a. (basic) plus cost of living addition, at present £120 (men) or £96 (women). To advise upon, organise and inspect instruction in various types of education establishments, mainly primary and secondary schools maintained and aided by Council, but incl. as reqd. institutions for further education. Special knowledge or exp. of the organisation of all kinds of secondary schools, and specialist qualifics. in some particular subject or subjects, with knowledge of teaching of that subject, or subjects reqd. Evening work is involved and the person appointed will be reqd. to organise and give courses of lectures for teachers and perform such other duties as may be prescribed from time to time. Other things being equal, pref. given to reqd. disabled persons. Application forms from Education Officer (Estab./2), The County Hall, London, S.E.1 (encl. stamped add. foolscap envel). Applics. must be returned by Feb. 20. Canvassing disqualifies. (3461.)

ROYAL Navy. Applics. invited from Univ. graduates and quald. teachers under 36 for short service commissions of 3, 4 or 5 yrs. in Educ. Branch of R.N. Officers with scientific qualifics. are particularly reqd. at present time to serve as instructors in Radar, W/T, etc., and for Meteorology. Opportunities will be afforded for officers to be selected for perm. commissions. Entry will be in 2 grades. Selected candidates with 1st and 2nd Class Hons. Degrees receive approx. £328 in 1st year's service, £347 in 2nd year, £438 in 3rd and 4th years, £474 in 5th year. Other candidates receive £237 in 1st year, £310 in 2nd and 3rd years, £347 in 4th and 5th years. Married men, if aged 25 or over, receive marriage allowance of £228 p.a. Accom. and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Outfit allowance is paid. Tax free gratuities payable at end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. Teachers who enter from contributory service under Teachers' (Superann.) Acts will continue in contrib. service, superann. contributions being deducted from above gratuities. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and are responsible for all educ. work; officers with suitable qualifics. may also be employed on general meteorological/forecasting duties. They are borne in larger ships and in Naval Colleges, Training Establishments and Naval Air Stns. Apply: Director, Educ. Dept., Admiralty, London, for further information and applic. forms.

L.C.C. Vacancy for after care officer (man) in Education Officer's Dept. Salary £300 × £20—£400 a year basic with temporary cost of living addition (at present £78 to £90 a year according to salary). Duties include visiting boys who have left approved schools, assisting them to find work and lodgings and exercising general supervision over them and also after care of children legally in care of Council. Work is arduous and entails evening and week-end duty but offers a wide field of service for those with exp. and interest in welfare of youth. Other things being equal, preference will be given to registered disabled persons. Applic. form from Educ. Officer (Estab. 2), County Hall, London, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap reply env. necessary), should be returned by February 20. (3459.)

BETHLEM Royal Hospital, Monks Orchard, Beckenham, Kent. Deputy Matron reqd. at above Hospital (for treatment of early and recoverable mental diseases). Must be fully trained and hold cert. of General Nursing Council for General and Mental Nursing. Not over 35 years. Sal. £350 p.a., rising by £12 p.a. to £400 p.a. with emoluments (board, uniform, laundry, and furn. flat in Nurses' Home) valued at £130 p.a. Employers' contribns. paid to Federated Superann. Scheme for Nurses. Applic., stating age, religion, qualifics. and exp., tog. with copies of testimonials, to Matron.

APPLICS. invited for post of Home Research Secretary, at salary of £350 p.a., rising by £50 after one year if satisfactory. Work involves organisation and editing of research and related activities. Applicants should have keen interest in Socialist Movement. Forms will be sent, on request to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth St. S.W.1, and should be returned to him by Jan. 20.

L.C.C. Physiotherapists (women) reqd. at Bexley (L.C.C.) Hospital, Bexley, Kent, and Long Grove Hospital, Epsom, Surrey (hospitals for nervous and mental disorders). Must be regd. with Chartered Soc. of Physiotherapy. Salary in accordance with recommendations of Joint Negotiating Cttee. on Salaries and Wages (Hospital Staffs) £300, rising to £360 p.a. (scale under review). Comm. salary according to exp. If otherwise suitable, pref. given to regd. disabled persons. Applic. form, returnable by Jan. 25, fr. M.O.H. (I), Mental Health Services, County Hall, Westminster, S.E.1 (3378).

WANTED at once Res. Staff Lecturer for Adult Residential College. Should be single, with good Hons. degree in Economics, or in combined subjects including Economics. Partics. and form of applic. obtainable from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Manchester, 13. Last date of applic. Jan. 25.

MALADJUSTED Children. New co-educational "Hostel-school" on Barns lines, for 30 children of secondary school age, needs active young man to take charge of teaching side. Scope for initiative and experiment in pioneering work. Burnham (special schools) scale plus board and lodging. Res. post but limited accomm. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

Appointments Vacant—continued

MINERS' Welfare Commission Architects Dept. requires Assistants. Sal. £328-£640 p.a. according to age, architectural qualifics. and exp. Vacancies in London and Provinces, but mainly London. Staff pension scheme after one year's satisfactory service. Applic. forms from Estab. Section, Miners' Welfare Commission, Ashley Court, Ashtead, Surrey.

ESSEX C.C. invite applics. for appointment as temp. (male) Assistant in Essex Record Office, who it is proposed shall be engaged for purpose of completing survey (already begun) of parish records in County. Should possess an appropriate Univ. deg. or similar qualific. and some knowledge of palæography and parish records. Salary will be at rate not exceeding £330 p.a. There will also be paid such war bonus (if any) and travelling and subsistence allowances as may from time to time be determined by Council. Present amount of such war bonus is 23s. a week. Person appointed will be subject to such Standing Orders and Sick Pay Rules and Regulations as Council may, from time to time, approve, extracts from or copies of which will be forwarded on applic. Canvassing directly/indirectly, forbidden. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., with copies of three recent testimonials (which will not be returned) should be sent to Clerk of Essex C.C., County Hall, Chelmsford, endorsed "Assistant—Record Office."

DEVON Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for post of Welfare Officer (woman) on staff of Educ. Cttee. Candidates should possess degree/diploma in Social Science, together with some exp. of social work. Salary on Grade A.P.T.I., i.e. £330 rising by £15 to £375 p.a., plus cost of living bonus. Further partics. and forms of applics. obtainable from Chief Educ. Officer, County Educ. Office, Castle St., Exeter, to whom applics. should be returned by Jan. 18.

CARLISLE Council of Social Service. Applics. invited for post of Secretary, to organise and take charge of work of Council. Exp. of work of Citizens' Advice Bureau and Community Centres essential. Applicant should be able to co-operate with Statutory Bodies. Full details and applic. form can be obtained from Chairman, Carlisle Council of Social Service, 27 Spencer St. Carlisle.

WORCS. Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited for post of full-time Leader of large Youth Club in industrial north of county from men/women with relevant exp. as well as interest. Salary offered is £359 16s. (man), £298 2s. (woman) p.a., incl. bonus, or in accord. with Burnham Scale where applic., and post is normally superannuable under Local Govt. Superann. Act. Applic. forms on receipt of stamped addressed env.: R. Y. Logan, Director of Educ., County Bldgs., Worcester. (K49.)

SALOP C.C. Applics. invited for Joint Res. Appointment of Deputy Superintendent and Deputy Matron at Children's Home, "The Mount," Haygate Rd., Wellington, Salop. This Home has accomm. for about 40 normal children, and is part of system of Children's Homes in the Wallington area which is being developed, and the persons appointed will work under the supervision of the Superintendent and Matron who reside in a separate House. Candidates for appointment are reqd. to have had exp. in administration of Children's Home or similar estab. Must have also considerable practical knge. and understanding of needs of children who will be in their care. Applics. reqd. only from persons with requisite exp. who have the interests of children at heart, and salaries will be fixed in relation to qualifics. and exp. of candidates. Applic. forms from Public Assistance Officer, County Buildings, Shrewsbury, Salop, to whom (after completion) they should be returned by Jan. 25.

L.C.C. Reqd. at Stamford House Remand Home, 206a Goldhawk Rd., Shepherd's Bush, W.12 (accomm. 120 boys who are awaiting appearance before, or on remand from, the Juvenile Court or awaiting placing in approved school), quald. asst. Masters (non-res.) for general subjects. Pref. given to candidates who (a) hold recog. qualific. in psychology and are expd. in mental and scholastic testing; (b) can offer some of foll. special subjects: Music, Art, Handicrafts, Gardening, P.T. and games. Burnham Scale sal. with two additl. increments throughout scale carried beyond max. and London allowance. Other things being equal pref. given to regd. disabled persons. Forms from Educ. Officer (S.S.5), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped add. env. nec.), returnable by Jan. 18. Canvassing disqualifies.

UNIV. of Edinburgh: Lectureship in Italian. Applics. invited for post of Head of Dept. of Italian. Will be expected to take up duty in October, 1947. Sal. £500/£800, according to qualifics. Apply to Secy. to the University.

HOMERTON College, Cambridge. Wanted as soon as possible Tutor-Librarian (woman) to be responsible for library and share in English work. Degree in English essential; some teaching exp. preferred. Further partics. on application to Secretary.

APPLICS. invited for post of resident woman Bursar, Lady Margaret Hall Settlement, with housekeeping qualifics. and interest in social work. Salary according to exp. from £130 with board and residence, plus pension contrib. Apply: Warden, L.M.H.S., 131 Kennington Rd. Lambeth, S.E.11.

REQD., qualified and, if possible, expd. Mistress for 5-6 year olds Pre-preparatory Dept. Boys' Independent I.A.P.S. School. Must have keen interest in children, and initiative. Res. post. Good salary for right type of mistress. Full partics. to Principal, St. David's Preparatory School, Royds Mount, Huddersfield.

ORTHODOX Jewish Hostel in London reqs. resident Youth Leader to assist res. Warden. Apply, stating age, exp. and sal. reqd., Box 4877.

Appointments Vacant—continued

EAST Suffolk County Educ. Cttee. A full-time Youth Leader (man/woman) for number of rural clubs, meeting once or twice a week, is reqd. in Feb. Training as teacher or youth leader most desirable, and exp. of mixed club work essential. Rural school house is available. Car allowance on County Scale. Salary scale: Men £330×£15 to £405 plus £20 p.a. for graduate; women, £300×£10 to £350 plus £15 p.a. for graduate. Applics., together with copies of two recent testimonials, should be sent by Feb. 1 to: Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Ipswich.

HERTS C.C. St. Albans Day Continuation School. Principal: H. C. Morris, B.Sc., A.I.Mech.E. Applics. invited as soon as possible for foll. posts. Both offer valuable exp. in County College work and successful applicants will have opportunity of playing a part in new educ. experiment: Mistress to teach English and allied subjects; Mistress to teach General Subjects and Physical Training. School caters for some 300 young people (14/18 yrs.) who attend for one day p.a. Applic. forms: District Educ. Officer, 96 Victoria St., St. Albans.

AYCLIFFE School. Principal: John Gittins, M.A., B.Sc. Applics. invited from suitably qualifd. and expd. men for post of Educ. Psychologist in the Classifying School. Post offers wide scope for a skilled man with initiative. It may be resident or non-resident. Salary: Burnham Scale, plus three increments plus special responsibility allowance of between £50 and £100 p.a., depending on qualifics. Possibility of extra payment for other duties. Applic. forms obtained by sending stamped add. env. to Secretary, Aycliffe School, Copelaw, Aycliffe, Nr. Darlington, Co. Durham. Completed forms to be returned as soon as possible.

JEWISH Orphanage, West Norwood, requires (a) a Jewish Social Worker (male) of good educ., sound organiser, able to control staff, expd. in dealing with boys of school age, to take charge under the Principal. Comm. salary £350 with residential emoluments; (b) a Jewish lady of good educ., able to control staff, expd. in dealing with girls of school age, to take charge under the Principal and the Matron. Comm. salary £250 with residential emoluments. Write, giving full partics. of exp., qualifics., to Sec., 76 Leigham Ct. Rd., S.W.16.

Y.W.C.A. Divisional Secretary for Southern area reqd. immediately. Exp. in religious and social work essential. Must be good organiser. Age 30-45. Sal. from £350. Early applics. requested. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A., Natl. Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1.

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NOTTINGHAM Old Peoples' Welfare Cttee. Secretary reqd. in February, prev. social work desirable. Salary according to exp. Apply: Council of Social Service, 47, Park Row, Nottingham.

ROYAL Arsenal Co-op. Society Educ. Cttee., req. Youth Organiser to be responsible for organisation and development of Co-op. Youth Movement throughout S. London. Service is one of responsibility with wide exp. and knowledge of dealing with all phases of children and young people. Applics., stating age, present post, qualifics. and exp. to be forwarded to Educ. Secretary, R.A.C.S., Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10, by Jan. 22.

SECRETARY reqd. by London Region Youth Hostels, Ltd. Salary not less than £500. Administrative exp. and knowledge Y.H.A. Applic. form, returnable by Feb. 21, from Y.H.A., 22 Gordon Sq. W.C.1.

RESEARCH Services, Ltd., has vacancy for Intelligence Officer to organise and control statistical, economic and trade library and information service. Age not under 27, deg. at British univ. pref. in economics or statistics; exp. in handling published data. Starting sal. according to qualifics., but not less than £500 p.a. Apply in writing, stating age, educ., exp. and salaries earned, to Secretary, Research Services, Ltd., 101 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.

WOMAN Secretary reqd. by Chairman of Directors of Cadbury Bros. Age 30/40, good educational background, graduate pref. High shorthand speed and considerable secretarial exp. essential; knowledge of accountancy, P.A.Y.E. an asset. Good salary to right candidate. Hand written letter of applic. accompanied by typed partics. of age, educ., qualifics. and exp., by Jan. 16, to M.T.H., Cadbury Bros., Bournville.

APPLICS. invited for post of classifier (woman) in large photograph and print library. Univ. deg. or librarianship qualifics. essential. Sal. £300. Write, stating qualifics., to Librarian, Hulton Press Picture Library, Colley Hse., New Street Sq., E.C.4.

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Appointments Vacant—continued

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